POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY.

MRS. MAYBRICK AND MR. BRIERLY AT THE LONDON HOTEL.

Vol. I.—No. 7.

THE MAYBRICK MYSTERY

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea,
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Act IV., Sc. 1.

CHAPER I.

Tells of Mrs. Maybrick's Early Life, Her Marriage, and Her Liaison with Brierly.

FAR away in the South of Alabama stands the town of Mobile, the capital and chief port of the county of that name. Ever since the cotton trade with the Southern States of America began Alabama has been one of the principal centres for the growth and export of the raw material, and of its many fertile districts none were more blessed by Nature than Mobile. Situated on the Gulf of Mexico, the climate was mild and equable, and the giant rivers which empty themselves into the Gulf afforded abundant water; the soil was rich, and eminently well suited for cotton growing, while the nearness to the sea made exportation cheap and easy. Naturally, then, Mobile became a prosperous county, and the county town thrived.

In the middle of last century the town of Mobile contained about 20,000 inhabitants, and to-day has double that number. Even in its early days it boasted of fine buildings, and was held up as an example to other towns in the Southern States, and among the many buildings in which the citizens took pride was the banking house of St. John Powers and Co., which stood near the City Hall.

Prior to the commencement of the American Civil War, cotton poured daily into the ports of Mobile, and large sums of money changed hands almost hourly. Consequently, banking was a prosperous business, and the firm of St. John Powers and Co. was numbered among the wealthy houses in the State of Alabama. But with the outbreak of hostilities all this changed. Mobile, besides being a seaport, was a fortified town. The landowners had no time to devote to cotton growing, for their energies were directed towards protecting their property, their labourers were serving in the ranks of the Southern Army, commerce of every description was at a standstill, in fact, the whole country was paralysed.

As might be expected, the banks were the first to suffer from the general depression, and St. John Powers and Co. were no exception to the rule. Money had to be obtained for clients, transfers had to be made, the bank property had to be sent to places of security, large demands had to be met almost daily, and all this work had to be carried on with a greatly reduced staff, for many of the employees of the bank had exchanged the desk for the camp, the pen for the rifle. The most anxious part of all this work fell on the shoulders of Mr. Chandler, the manager at Mobile, and one of the junior partners in the firm.

Shortly before the war broke out, Mr. Chandler married a niece of Jefferson Davis, the celebrated American statesman, and President of the Southern Confederation. While he was bowed down with anxieties at the bank, another trouble was added to his lot by the birth of a daughter in 1862, whom he named Florence Elizabeth. Worries at

home and worries at work told heavily on Mr. Chandler, who was never a robust man, and he gradually sank under his burden and died before his little girl was a year old.

His widow did not long mourn for him in solitude, for an urgent call for women to nurse in the hospitals, now filled to overflowing with the sick and wounded from the

battlefields, was sent round the country, and as befitted the niece of a great statesman she at once offered her services to the medical staff, and was sent to Charleston hospital. Whether she took her infant daughter with her we cannot tell, but it is highly improbable. At any rate, Florence was not with her mother in 1864, and from this time we lose sight of Miss Chandler for many years.

In one of the consignments of sick and suffering which arrived at Charleston Hospital almost daily was a young soldier named Franklin du Barry, who was grievously injured. He was placed in the ward over which Nurse Chandler presided, and soon it was noticed that his attendant paid a good deal of attention to her charge. As is not uncommon, he fell in love with his nurse, and there is no doubt that she reciprocated it, although she must have known that his days were numbered. However, the pair were married, and he seemed to get a little better after he had linked his life with that of the banker's widow.

One day, when the roll of the nurses was called, it was found that Nurse du Barry was missing, and that her husband was also not to be found. Later it was discovered

that Mr. and Mrs. du Barry, together with du Barry's brother, had managed to get on board the blockade runner "Fanny"—owned, as a matter of fact, by the father of the Editor of this paper—and had left the country. Life on shipboard, however, was too much for poor du Barry, and after a month or so of married life he died at sea, leaving his wife a widow for the second time in two years.

Eight years later Mrs. du Barry was married to Baron von Roques, thus adding another to the list of celebrated Americans who have entered the ranks of the European peerage.

In the early part of the year 1881 a handsome man, of about forty-two years of age, took a passage on one of the great liners which sail from New York for England. As soon as the huge vessel got into the open sea she encountered bad weather and rolled horribly. The gentleman left his cabin to go on deck to see the waves, and had just reached the foot of the companion ladder, when a young lady stumbled at the top of the gangway, and with a little scream fell down it head first. The gentleman made a supreme effort, and, catching her, placed her in safety on the lowest step of the stairs. Then he sank back on the ground, almost fainting. She called for assistance, and with the help of a steward he was placed on a settee in the saloon. Then she turned to him, and, after thanking him for his kindness, said:

"I am Miss Chandler. May I ask your name?" He handed her his card, and she read:

> **James Maybrick.**
>
> *32, Knowsley Buildings, Liverpool.*

Apparently, in his effort to save Miss Chandler, Mr. Maybrick strained his ankle; anyhow, he had to lie down on a couch for the rest of the voyage, and Miss Chandler, as was but courteous, used to sit and try to cheer him up. At first, of course, they only talked of conventional matters, but it is natural for a woman to get fond of the helpless, and when the helpless being is a man, and, moreover, a very handsome man, fondness soon becomes love. For his part, as he looked at the fair young girl—she was but nineteen—and noted her petite form, her lovely face, with its innocent expression, her wondrous eyes, and her wavy mass of hair, he began to think that the pain he suffered in his ankle was but a small price to pay for the pleasure of her society. So they dropped the conventional, and began to talk about themselves.

He told her that he was a cotton merchant, doing a large business with the United States, that he lived in Liverpool, of which town he was a native; while she spoke of her days in the cotton country of the Southern States, and told him many little items about the goods he dealt in of which he was ignorant. Then the conversation became even more personal, and at last, before the ship was moored to the quay at Liverpool, he asked her to be his wife, and she blushed prettily and said "Yes."

Lovers are always impetuous, but the elderly lover is usually the most impetuous of all. Mr. Maybrick remem-

bered that he was over forty and that his future bride was not half his age, and he wanted the bright companionship of the pretty little woman before age overtook him and before the pleasures of life became but a memory. So he

She called for assistance.

hastened on the wedding-day, and in July, 1881, he was married in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, to the girl whom he had caught, literally and figuratively, on board an Atlantic liner.

For the first few years after their marriage the couple went a good deal to America, and for some time lived at Norfolk, in Virginia; but when family cares came on Mrs. Maybrick she stayed at home, while her husband made the necessary journeys across the Atlantic. Absence from his wife, however, was not at all to his taste, and in 1886 he rearranged his business so that he might always remain in England. Being by then a man of some means, he took a very nice house between Garston and Aigburth, just outside Liverpool, and he called it Battlecrease House.

Mr. Maybrick was a kindly man, and made a good many friends among his neighbours, to whom he was never tired of dilating on the excellence of his young wife and of the happiness of his married life. In spite, however, of the kindliness of his disposition he was inclined at times to be a little melancholy, a not uncommon sequel to malarial fever, from which he had suffered very severely when he was living at Norfolk, Virginia. Like many men, he had a pet nostrum for all bodily ailments, and it is said that he used to drug himself when he felt out of sorts. No direct proof of this has been given, but it is certain that on several occasions his wife told friends of his that he was in the habit of taking powders, which she feared were harmful. The friends, as might be expected, said that they would warn him against the habit when they got a chance; but Mrs. Maybrick made a point of impressing on them that he was very sensitive about his little weaknesses, and begged them, almost with tears in her eyes, not to mention the matter to him.

One man did go so far as to allude to the facility with which drug-taking becomes a habit, and told Mr. Maybrick that he had been told that he took powders without medical advice, but Mr. Maybrick indignantly repudiated the charge in language more forcible than polite, stigmatising the statement as a "d——d lie."

If Mr. Maybrick was in the habit of taking drugs there is no doubt that it caused his wife no little anxiety, for about the end of March, 1889, she had a long conversation with Dr. Richard Humphreys on the subject, and pointed out to him her fears that one day her husband would take more medicine than was good for him. To ease her mind, Dr. Humphreys, who regarded the whole matter as merely a woman's fancy, rejoined: "Well, if he ever should die suddenly, call me, and I can say that you have had some conversation with me about it."

Some time after her marriage Mrs. Maybrick made the acquaintance of a Mr. Brierly. Possibly this was during one of her husband's visits to America. Brierly was a tall, handsome man, heavily bearded, and with that mobile, sensual mouth which somehow always reminds one of a Spanish toreador. Mrs. Maybrick became infatuated with him, and went a good deal out of her way to be in his society.

During the whole of their married life Mr. Maybrick allowed his wife a lot of latitude, and placed no restrictions on her natural desire to meet young persons of her own age, but to Brierly he took exception. Whether it was that he knew anything about him which was not to his credit, or whether it was merely a natural antipathy such as even animals feel towards their secret enemies, we cannot say; but it is certain that he greatly objected to his wife's friendship for Brierly, and on one memorable occasion told her so.

From time to time Mrs. Maybrick was in the habit

1881. *Marriage solemnized at the Church in the Parish of St. James's, Westminster, in the County of* ~~London~~ Middlesex

No.	When Married.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence at time of Marriage.	Father's Name and Surname.	Rank or Profession of Father.
	July	James Maybrick	full	Bachelor	Esquire	S. James's	William Maybrick	Gentleman dec'd
327	27	Florence Elizabeth Chandler	a minor	Spinster		Paris	William George Chandler	Banker (dec'd)
	1881							

Married in the Church, according to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Established Church, by Licence or after ___ by me J. Dyer Tovey Preacher & Assistant

This Marriage was solemnized between us, James Maybrick / Florence Elizabeth Chandler — in the Presence of us, Michael Maybrick / Baroness Caroline E. von Roques

I hereby certify that the above is a true Extract from the Register Book of Marriages belonging to the Parish of *St. James's, Westminster*

Witness my Hand this 28th Day of April 1902 V. Eaton Cornish. Curate

MRS MAYBRICK'S MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

JUST ABOUT TO ENTER THE PADDOCK.

of going to London for a few days to stay with some of her relations, and on March 21, 1889, she told her husband that she was going to London that day, in order that she might be present at a serious operation on her aunt. He consented, as he always did, and saw her off at the station.

When she arrived in town, instead of going to her relations, Mrs. Maybrick drove to a small hotel in Henrietta Street, where she had engaged a bedroom by letter a few days previously. She had not been there for more than a minute or two when a gentleman called to see her, and the pair went out at once, and she did not return till after midnight.

The next morning Brierly called at the hotel, and said that he was Mr. Maybrick, and had come to join his wife. For two days the couple stayed in the hotel as husband and wife. Where Brierly and his companion went for the next three days is unknown.

On the evening of March 28, Mrs. Maybrick returned to Battlecrease House, and gave her husband an account of how all her relations in London were, and how kind they had been to her. He believed every word she said.

Always on the look-out for anything which might please his wife, whom he continually regarded as the girl of nineteen he married, Mr. Maybrick suggested that he should take her to see the Grand National Steeplechase, run at the Liverpool Spring Races on March 29. She was delighted, and the pair set out together in his carriage.

After the first race Brierly came up to the carriage, and was greeted coldly by Maybrick and effusively by his wife. He left them in a moment or two, and Mr. Maybrick told his wife how much he disliked seeing her talk to Brierly, and said that he would have to forbid her to know him. This apparently roused Mrs. Maybrick's temper, for she left the carriage, and, joining Brierly, who was just about to enter the paddock, spent the remainder of the afternoon with him. This wayward conduct on her part provoked bitter words from her husband when she came home that evening, for she did not return with him, and he spoke very strongly about her liking for Brierly, and declared that she must never speak to the man again. On this Mrs. May-

MR. MAYBRICK SAW HER OFF.

brick began to rave at him, and at last he lost his temper and struck her, giving her a black eye. Then came more recriminations, and at last Mrs. Maybrick started for the

door, with the avowed intention of joining Brierly, who, she said, would not beat her.

Her husband accompanied her to the door, and then said to her, "Florence, if you cross that threshold you will never enter these doors again." She paused, and turned back, while he went into the dining-room. Alice Yapp, the children's nurse, overheard part of the quarrel, and, fearing that in a rash mood her mistress might take some step which she would repent of bitterly afterwards, came down the stairs and putting her arm round her mistress's waist, led her into the nursery.

Next morning Mrs. Maybrick set out with the intention of obtaining a separation from her husband, but, womanlike, she wanted someone to sympathise with her first, and help her to work up her feeling of injury before she consulted a lawyer. To this end she selected the family doctor, Dr. Hopper, to whom she gave full details of the quarrel between herself and her husband, omitting, of course, any reference to her little jaunt to London. The doctor, being a man of some astuteness, suggested that matters had not got far enough for a separation, and proposed that a reconciliation should take place at once. At first Mrs. Maybrick would not hear of any such thing, but at length was prevailed upon to consider the effect that a separation would have on her and on her children before she determined to take such a serious step.

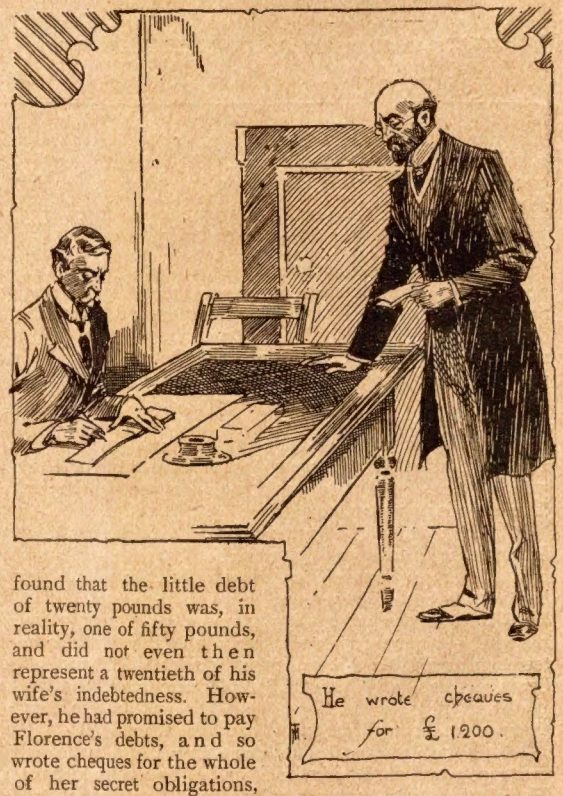
Feeling that, though she had got excellent advice, she had not yet had her fill of sympathy, she went to call on a Mrs. Briggs, who had known Mr. Maybrick before his marriage, and who was an old friend of the family. Mrs. Briggs took the same view of the case as the doctor did, but she supplied the sympathetic element which was wanting to soothe the feelings of the injured (?) wife, and sent her home to make it up with her spouse. Mr. Maybrick was nothing loth, and apparently a perfect reconciliation took place.

In spite of the liberal allowance which her husband made her for her own use, Mrs. Maybrick seems to have developed extravagant tastes, for at the time of the "Grand National" quarrel it came to Mr. Maybrick's ears that his wife had had dealings with a firm of money-lenders, or, as courtesy now calls them, "financiers," and taxed her with doing so when the reconciliation took place. She declared that, being hard pressed once for a little cash, she had borrowed a sum of twenty pounds, and appeared so penitent that Mr. Maybrick promised to pay her debts for her, and say no more about it.

A fortnight later, that is to say, on the 13th of April, Mr. Maybrick, who had been suffering from dyspepsia for some short time, made up his mind to go to London for the double purpose of settling with the money-lenders and consulting Dr. Fuller, a well-known physician, in whom his brother, Mr. Michael Maybrick, whose nom de théâtre of Stephen Adams is so well known in the musical world, reposed the greatest confidence.

Mr. Maybrick arrived in London on Saturday, and saw Dr. Fuller next day. After a long and careful examination, the doctor was only able to discover that his patient was suffering from slight indigestion, for which he prescribed a simple stomachic tonic, which, as he declared later on, contained no arsenic. Mr. Maybrick then told him that he was greatly in dread of becoming paralysed, and questioned his physician very closely on the subject. Dr. Fuller assured him that there was not the slightest symptom in his case to lead any medical man to suppose that the patient was liable to paralysis, and left him very much more cheerful.

On the Monday morning, before returning to Liverpool, Mr. Maybrick went to interview the money-lenders, and



found that the little debt of twenty pounds was, in reality, one of fifty pounds, and did not even then represent a twentieth of his wife's indebtedness. However, he had promised to pay Florence's debts, and so wrote cheques for the whole of her secret obligations, amounting in all to £1,200, and went back to Battlecrease House. Though his wife had lied to him, he made no complaint, and merely mentioned that she need not trouble herself any more about her financial difficulties.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Poisons;

THE MYSTERIOUS DRUGS which silently deal death, now popularly described for the first time . .

PRUSSIC ACID AND ITS ALLIES.

IT was in one of the recesses behind the Temple of Ammon that prussic acid was invented by the Egyptian priests There is little doubt that far before the time of the Pharaoh of the Exodus the priests of the Egyptians had discovered the art of distillation, and made use of it in the preparation of their herbal medicines. Experimenting thus, they set to work to make an extract of the leaves of the peach tree and of the cherry laurel, the smell of which had attracted their attention. From the extract they found that a clear liquid could be distilled, which smelt strongly of almonds, and which had a distinct medicinal value. This led them to make further experiments with the kernels of peach stones, and from them they distilled a much more potent liquid, which rapidly acted fatally on those to whom it was administered. The new poison was set apart to be drunk by traitors, and thus it is that we find in the celebrated Louvre papyrus mention of the "Penalty of the Peach." Certainly it was a humane method of killing the traitor, and as such was commented on by later writers, who, however, had no knowledge of the composition of the deadly peach water

Regarded from a scientific point of view, the peach water was nothing more than a dilute preparation of hydrocyanic acid, or prussic acid. As schoolboys, one learnt of the dreadful potency of the acid, and believed implicitly that the mere smell of the poison was attended with instant death. That, however, is one of the fictions of youth. The smell is certainly injurious, but it is not fatal.

Prussic acid, to retain the more familiar term, is a limpid, clear fluid, smelling strongly of almonds; for, indeed, it is a minute trace of the acid which gives to the fruit its characteristic flavour. It is very volatile, more so even than alcohol, but it is very easily absorbed by the tissues.

The symptoms of poisoning by prussic acid are very simple. There is great prostration, commencing as soon as the drug has been swallowed, followed almost immediately by death, which is caused by paralysis of the respiratory centre and of the heart. Should death not ensue at once, there is some hope for the patient, and many eminent toxicologists are strongly of the opinion that if life could be supported for half an hour, no case would be fatal. Leading this school of toxicology is Professor Ringer, of Yale University, who is devoting his energies to discovering a method of supporting life for the necessary period. There is a good deal of reason for this opinion. We have said that the acid is very readily absorbed by the tissues. It is as readily eliminated, and from what cases have come under the care of medical men it may fairly be said that, once the preliminary paralysis has passed off, no evil effects are left. Since Dr. Loebe discovered the effect of electrical currents on the body as life-giving factors, there has been no case of prussic acid poisoning to which doctors had access sufficiently rapidly to try his treatment, and it would be in the interests of science if the Government of the United States put a murderer at the disposal of the doctors for the experiment to be made. The criminal would have a chance of life, and if he succumbed his death would at least be as painless as by the electric chair.

There is an antidote to prussic acid, but it does not always act with sufficient speed to be effective. If injected immediately after taking the poison, atropine will counteract the effects of the drug. The antidote is purely a physiological one, and depends for its activity on the fact that it has exactly the opposite effect on the heart that the fatal acid has. It has also been freely stated that immersion in ice-cold water prevents the poison from doing its deadly work, and the following case shows that when applied immediately this antidote is effective.

Being tired of life, a chemist determined to make away with himself. From his shop he took a bottle of hydrocyanic acid, and walked to the banks of the Kennet and Avon Canal. Arrived there, he wrote a note on a scrap of paper, and placed it on the bank of the canal. Then he swallowed the contents of the bottle, and, to make assurance doubly sure, sprang into the canal. He had forgotten, however, that the prussic acid stocked in chemists' shops is not pure, but is a solution, and, though terribly fatal, does not act immediately. Consequently, he was not dead when he touched the water, and the very means which he took to make most sure of leaving this world proved the means by which his life was saved, for he was fished out of the water, and in due course made his appearance in the dock at the police-court to explain why he wished to murder himself.

In modern times prussic acid has not found much favour with the murderer, but in the Middle Ages there can be no doubt that "elixir of almonds," as the drug was then called, played an important part in regulating the affairs of the secret poisoner. Till comparatively lately, however, prussic acid was a great favourite with suicides on account of the rapidity and painlessness of its action. All sorts of excuses were trumped up to persuade chemists to sell the acid, the favourite being that the applicant had a pet dog which he wished to destroy. Now-a-days chemists listen sympathetically, and then say that if the person will bring the dog they will poison it for them. In consequence of this care, prussic acid poisoning is on the wane, and in the last two years there have only been five cases, as against eighteen in the two previous years.

But if prussic acid has gone out of favour, owing to the wise precautions which attend its sale, its salt, cyanide of potash, has taken its place. The cyanide is largely used in the arts, and is to be found in the developing-room of almost every amateur photographer, and, therefore, there is great difficulty in restricting its sale.

Cyanide of potash looks very much like lump sugar, and on more than one occasion has been mistaken for it, with fatal results. It is one of the most deadly poisons known to the chemist. Its action is almost identical with that of prussic acid, and the symptoms are the same, save that there is no smell of almonds. Its effect is, however, modified by the state of the patient. In 1896 a case occurred in which the modification was well marked.

The victim, Dr. G——, of the B.I.S.N. Company's s.s. Assyria, had long been suffering from neuralgia, and had contracted the habit of taking large quantities of morphia to relieve his pain. When circumstances led to his being put in medical charge of a boat running up the Persian Gulf, he abandoned morphia for Persian opium, which he used to obtain surreptitiously. Seeing that he was incapable of taking medical charge of the ship, the captain, Captain Rickford, put the writer in medical charge, and Dr. G—— was kept under restraint. Still he appeared to be always under the influence of opium, and it was only on leaving Bushire that it was discovered that he had a cigarette case full of light Persian opium, covered with papers, and in every way resembling cigarettes. After a peculiarly heavy bout of opium eating, Dr. G—— lost his reason entirely, and was kept under strict surveillance, an American missionary and his wife most kindly assisting in watching the doctor, for on account of the intense heat it was then impossible to confine him in his cabin. When off Jask, Persia, early one morning the writer had just been relieved, after an entire night's watching, and had gone below to bathe, when he was called up on deck in great haste. Dr. G—— had swallowed the contents of a bottle which he had managed to secrete in his bedclothes, and had attempted to jump overboard. The unfortunate man was lying on the deck, unconscious, breathing stertorously; his face was livid, and small blue spots could be seen coming out on the skin. The pulse, instead of being weak and fluttering, was fairly strong. There was no doubt that he had taken cyanide of potash, although the symptoms were not entirely in accord with poisoning with that drug. Active remedies were applied, including injections of atropine. The poor fellow lingered in an unconscious state for about twenty minutes, and then died. Subsequent examination showed that he must have taken at least half an ounce of cyanide, or enough to poison four hundred persons, and death should have been absolutely instantaneous. Strangely enough, he was himself a keen toxicologist, and by his death the world lost a man whose knowledge of Indian poisons was unequalled.

Cyanide of potash has a slightly bitter taste, and at first produces a feeling of coldness in the mouth, which is succeeded by a burning sensation, and an intense heat in the throat. A quarter of a grain has proved fatal, though a grain is usually considered to be the minimum lethal dose. After death it is very easily detected, although, like prussic acid, it readily decomposes in the body. Prussic acid has been found in the tissues twelve days after death, and this is a point that it is well to insist on, for people imagine that inasmuch as it is so volatile, it will leave no trace of its presence after a short time.

THE TRAGEDY OF ..

Lieutenant Roper.

. . JUSTICE UNAVENGED.

"A shot unheard gave me a wound unseen."
—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

ONE of the most inexplicable and undetected crimes occurred at Chatham on Monday, the 11th October, 1891.

Lieutenant Percy L. O. Roper was a young officer at the School of Military Engineering, Royal Engineers, situate in that town. He had dined at the mess with his brother officers on that evening, and left shortly after eight o'clock for his quarters, to write some letters to his friends. He was under orders to leave Chatham and report himself to the Deputy Adjutant-General of Royal Engineers at the War Office on the following Monday.

Nothing more was seen of him until nearly nine o'clock, when he was found lying on the stairs leading to his quarters, with a pistol-shot through his lungs. He was alive at the time, but unconscious. Medical assistance was quickly obtained, but he died in less than an hour.

It was believed that he met with his death by foul play, as there were evidences of a struggle. A six-chambered revolver, with only one chamber discharged, was found some distance from him, and a poker, which had been taken from his quarters, was also found upon the landing, as well as a cartridge-box and some loose cartridges. The revolver and cartridges had been taken from the quarters of two other officers.

It was supposed, at the time, that when the deceased entered his quarters there was a thief there, that a struggle took place in the room, and the officer afterwards left the room to prevent the thief escaping from the quarters until assistance came, and the thief then shot him down to clear the way. And the opinion was also expressed by the medical officers that the shot which caused the death of Lieutenant Roper must have been fired by an assailant. There was little to doubt in this theory, for the scullerymaid at the officers' mess gave evidence at the inquest to the effect that shortly after eight o'clock she left the kitchen and went to her bedroom to dress. She afterwards came out and passed No. 9 house, on her way to Brompton. As she passed the house she heard a crack something like the crack of a stick, and she thought it was in No. 10 house. She then heard three heavy moans and another crack. She then heard a noise like a fall or a jump, which was followed by a scuffling of feet on the stairs, and the dogs ran out of the front door; after which the woman informed the sentry.

The latter individual, strange to relate, was on duty in front of the officers' mess, but he neither saw nor heard anything wrong that night at No. 9 house, and he did not see anyone come in or go out.

Another sentry, who was doing duty at the back of the mess, said that about nine o'clock he heard a crack, which seemed to come from an open window in the house No. 9. The window was wide open from the bottom. After this sentry heard the crack, he stood watching the window for about fifteen minutes, but during that time he saw no one pass the window.

About the time of this sad tragedy, it seems somewhat singular that no less than three deeds of violence occurred in the barracks, all resulting in death. Who the perpetrator of the deed on young Roper was, baffled every inquiry. The most diligent inquiries were made.

The jury were unanimous in the belief that an assassination had been committed, but not the slightest indication of who did the deed could be gleaned from the evidence.

THE TRAGEDY DISCOVERED.

Indeed, the only person who had heard the sounds of a scuffle was the scullerymaid. It is not a little remarkable that such a crime as this, involving the discharge of a pistol, could take place before nine o'clock in the evening and attract so little attention save from some dogs in the barracks. The detonation from a pistol when it is fired in the stillness of night is usually heard with startling distinctness by those within a hundred yards of the spot, yet two witnesses averred that it sounded something like a crack from a stick brought into contact with wood.

Even the sentry in the immediate vicinity of the officers' quarters did not seem to have expected that anything unusual had taken place when he heard the sound described. The only suggestive fact brought to light in the course of the inquiry was that no one was seen to come out of the house where the murder was committed after the shot was fired.

It would strike many people as an instance of gross neglect of duty on the part of the sentry that he should have heard, without giving any alarm, what he called a "crack," followed quickly by the barking of dogs as they ran out of the building, and succeeded by moans.

A series of coroner's inquests was held, but unavailingly. The entire capacity of our police system was put in action, yet not a breath of intelligence could be adduced towards unravelling the mystery from that day to this.

Large Government rewards were offered, but to no purpose.

The world was startled one afternoon by the appearance of a "screamer," in bold type, which covered the face of certain contents sheets:

The Echo.

LEFROY

CONFESSES

TO THE

MURDER

OF

LIEUT. ROPER.

This proved to have a substratum of truth, for on the eve of execution Lefroy actually volunteered the assertion that he had committed the deed. Restlessly and unceasingly describing a circle in the condemned cell, this youthful malefactor made the startling announcement, and the freshness of the Chatham affair, combined with the atrocity of the railway murder, tended at the moment to impress the mind of the convict's keeper, and the incident was immediately reported; but the superiors on the prison staff associated Lefroy's assertion with his acknowledged capacity as a young and imaginative playwright. It was decided—and it was very apparent, too—that the culprit saw in such course the possibility of a respite and trial, with a view to temporising and maintaining life yet a little longer.

"A million of money for a moment of life!"

The trick—for such it was—proved ineffective, and the curious world, with one accord, was satisfied that at least Lefroy was not the author of poor Roper's death.

Analysing the few facts that were ascertained in connection with the tragedy, there can be no doubt that the prevailing opinion of the time was that the young officer had lost his life while attempting to arrest a robber. Some attempt was made to establish the theory that Fenianism, then rampant, was responsible for the deed, as the victim was a representative of the grand "ould race"; but this was scouted as very improbable, his association with political and social matters being very distant. As to any personal animus, this was considered to be absolutely impossible. His genial, hearty demeanour, which made him a favourite with everyone with whom he came in contact, rendered it very difficult to reconcile any hatred or jealousy or prejudice against so lovable and uniformly urbane an individual.

The murder of Lieut. Roper remains a mystery still!

THE MYSTERY OF Louise Masset

"Say, what remains when hope is fled!"
She answered: 'endless weeping.'"
ROGERS, "The Boy of Egremond."

A pitiful story of a young mother's crime. She immolated the love for her child for the sake of the fleeting fancy of a fickle Frenchman.

PART II.

FOR a short time it was impossible to remove the girl, so violent were her paroxysms of grief.

"Be brave, Louise," said her sister; "it will all come right in the end."

Miss Masset, with a great effort, pulled her shattered nerves together.

"I will willingly go with you," said she to the detective.

"May I accompany her?" asked Mr. Simes.

"Certainly."

A cab was called, and the trio got in. First, Mr. Simes, and then the stricken figure, in the long Parisian cloak and the large black picture-hat, closely followed by the watchful officer.

When they arrived at the station, and she was formally charged with the murder, she stared in a bewildered fashion from one person to another.

"Impossible! To kill my own child! Cannot I say anything to clear myself?"

"Best say nothing at present, Louise," put in Mr. Simes; and she took his advice.

Forthwith they conveyed her to the cells. They took her, quietly sobbing, into a small grey storeroom, lighted by a tiny iron grating, and locked her in.

The key turned, the bolts were drawn, the steps of the officers receded. She was alone in a felon's cell—alone to weep away her heart in silent and unseen anguish—she was alone with her own soul-torturing thoughts.

On the 2nd of November she was taken to the North London Police Court, and there formally charged. Evidence of arrest was given, and then the trembling prisoner was remanded.

On the following day the inquest on the body of the dead child was opened, and Miss Masset was present, in the company of her solicitor, Mr. Arthur Newton. She already showed signs of the mental agony she was experiencing; the roses had fled from her cheeks, her eyes were swollen with weeping, and her nerves seemed for ever unstrung.

"May I see—the—child?" she asked, in a faltering voice, that scarcely rose above a whisper.

"Certainly," said the coroner.

In the custody of a warder, she was led from the little court-room, down a flight of stone stairs, into that apartment were her dead child lay. Mother and son were face to face.

What a meeting! The dead, murdered child asleep for ever, whose white, cold face looked up with sightless eyes towards the ceiling, and the girl-mother weeping, almost distraught with grief, trembling in the awful shadow of the gallows.

"Oh, my child—my darling child!" sobbed the wretched Louise, as she fell upon her knees beside the little lifeless form, and kissed the stone-cold brow with burning lips.

Her hot, scalding tears fell on the dear, dead face, tears that wrung the heart, tears bitter and salt, born of the convulsive agony that raged in the depths of Louise Masset's soul!

But the scene was becoming unseemly. Miss Masset was removed, and once more led back to the crowded court-room, where the coroner and the jurymen awaited the continuance of the sorry business.

On the 6th of November, she was again taken before the magistrate at North London Police Court.

The evidence of the prosecution began to be unfolded, and the shadow of a horrible doom commenced to close around the girl—for, indeed, she was little more—in the dock.

On the evening of that Friday, when Louise had taken little Manfred away from Miss Gentle, two ladies had oc-

casion to visit the lavatories attached to Dalston Railway Station.

In a minute after this they might have been seen running and screaming like creatures possessed along the platform. The stationmaster, porters, and numerous other officials, thronged around the distressed women.

What was the matter? What had they seen? They had seen the dead body of a little boy stretched in one of the

closets. Forthwith several officials, acting upon the directions of the two ladies, rushed to the lavatories, and there found the naked body of a child, the head smothered in a black shawl, lying on the floor.

The boy's chest was still warm, showing that he had not been dead many minutes. A large clinker brick was at his side, and upon examining the boy's head it was evident that the skull had sustained violent and heavy concussions.

The body being medically examined, it was certified that the child had been suffocated. It was thought probable that this had been done subsequent to the boy being dazed by severe blows from the brick. This evidence having been recapitulated, Louise Masset was remanded.

On the 10th of November she was back again at the police-court, and the prosecution went further into the mass of evidence that they had by now accumulated.

The woman who was in charge of the lavatories at London Bridge Station swore that she recognised the prisoner as a woman she had seen on Friday, the 24th of October, in the waiting-room at London Bridge, in the company of a little boy; the little boy she had no hesitation in saying was the murdered child.

This woman swore also that she saw Miss Masset again in the evening at a quarter to seven o'clock in the lavatories—at this time, according to the prisoner's statement, she was safe at Brighton—and that Miss Masset hurried so as to catch the seven o'clock train for Brighton. The little boy was not with her.

In the waiting-room at Brighton Railway Station a brown paper parcel was found, containing the clothes of a little boy.

These clothes were identified by Miss Gentle as being worn by the child Manfred when she gave him over to his mother on the Friday afternoon. She positively identified them by a grease-stain, and by a small rent in the jacket.

Mr. Findlay, a Brighton hotel proprietor, swore that Louise had taken a room for herself on the fateful Friday evening, and that she also engaged one for "her brother," who came down on the ensuing Saturday afternoon. The two passed in the name of Brooks, and occupied adjoining bedrooms.

When they departed on the Sunday afternoon, he found in the prisoner's bedroom a pair of toy scales, and Miss Gentle swore that little Manfred had these scales with him when he went away with his mother on the Friday.

A woman, engaged as an assistant to a draper in Stoke Newington, deposed that a young lady, whom she was nearly positive was the prisoner, bought on the 24th of October a black shawl at their shop. She had no hesitation in saying that the shawl found on the murdered child was the one she sold to the young lady.

Upon such evidence, what could the magistrate do but commit the weeping woman in the dock for trial?

As she passed from the police court, her protestations of innocence were mingled with the execrations, groans, and hisses of an angry crowd, which was composed largely of women.

Louise shrank back in terror from the threatening demonstration of the mob. Her pale lips quivered, and she shook like an aspen leaf; but her custodians closed round her, she was packed, with little ceremony, into the dismal prison van, and was forthwith driven away.

The days that passed before her trial were long, and the nights were longer. The wretched girl sat in her lonely cell watching the daylight fade in the early winter evenings—alone, but for the occasional visits of her legal advisers and her sisters.

At last the day of her trial dawned.

The Old Bailey was crowded to its utmost capacity by a throng of curious, excited people, all eager to see how the "beautiful Miss Masset" would stand her trial for life or death.

Mr. Charles Mathews and Mr. Muir prosecuted for the Crown, and the defence was entrusted by Mr. Newton to Lord Coleridge, K.C., and Mr. Arthur Hutton. At ten o'clock punctually Mr. Justice Bruce took his seat.

LOUISE MASSET in The Condemned Cell.

A number of celebrities sat on the bench, and waited the commencement of the proceedings with ill-disguised impatience.

A hush fell on the court as the prisoner was brought in.

Good heavens! Is this the bright, lovely woman we have written of in an earlier chapter? This thin, trembling creature, with the wasted face and large, pity-imploring eyes, this grief-haunted slip of womanhood, whose very presence inspired compassion!

She stood bareheaded, with her slight, white hands grasping the front of the dock. To the question whether she pleaded guilty or not guilty, she replied in a quavering, tear-stifled voice:

"Not guilty—not guilty!"

Mr. Mathews rose to open the case for the Crown.

He recapitulated the sad story which we already know. The finding of the child's body, the fact that he was last seen alive with the prisoner, the secretion of his clothing in the Brighton railway station, the presence of the prisoner in Brighton at that time, the finding of the dead boy's toy scales in the bedroom she used in Mr. Findlay's hotel, the evidence of Mrs. Rees, the attendant at the London Bridge waiting-room, which the jury would hear, the buying of the black shawl by the prisoner, the strangeness of prisoner's conduct subsequent to the crime—all these details, and many others, were enumerated and elaborated by the eminent counsel in a speech of masterly conciseness.

One of the most interesting witnesses called was Eudore Lucas, Louise's young lover. He appeared nervous and constrained in manner on entering the witness-box, and kept darting sidelong glances at his erstwhile sweetheart in the dock.

The story he told is briefly as follows: After that first visit to Brighton—the purely platonic visit—with Louise and two other friends, his friendship with the governess had ripened into a warm affection.

"Were you in love with her?" asked Mr. Mathews.

"In a sort of way, I suppose I was," answered the young Frenchman, with another look at the prisoner, who however, seemed now oblivious of his presence.

"We began to walk out together," continued Lucas; "and then she told me she had a child. I said that it was very straightforward of her. One day I gave her some poetry in the garden. It was love poetry."

"Let us see the poetry." It was read aloud:

"Ah, to me, love, the crown of all bliss is
The touch of your lips and your hand;
Let us drown life and sorrow and kisses,
I would have you, dear love, understand,
Nowhere but in dreams on your breast, love,
Is there peace; ah, love, ne'er must we part,
Let me lie there and find there rest, love,
My heart on your heart."

"Miss Masset seemed much affected by this passionate verse," continued her lover in his evidence, and when she said she was going to Brighton, and I offered to accompany her, she agreed to the proposal. She went down on the Friday, and engaged two rooms in the name of Brooks. I followed her on the Saturday afternoon, and she met me at the station. Only one room was in reality occupied."

"Did she seem calm in her demeanour?" asked Lord Coleridge, for the defence.

"Just as usual."

"Did you ever propose to marry her?"

"Never."

"Was there ever any thought of marriage?"

"Never!"

He left the witness-box, and Mrs. Rees, the attendant at London Bridge Station, took his place.

She swore that Miss Masset was in the waiting-room on the Friday afternoon with the little boy. She remarked that the child seemed restless, and Miss Masset replied that he was crying because he had just parted from his nurse. She saw the prisoner again in the evening at a quarter to seven; this time alone. She was washing her hands, and seemed in a great hurry. Mrs. Rees offered to brush her down but she did this herself, and then hurried out to catch the Brighton train.

The shop-assistant next gave evidence, and swore that she sold the black shawl found on the child's body to the prisoner three days previous to the crime.

Miss Gentle, on her oath, swore to identifying the clothes found in the Brighton railway station as those worn by the deceased boy.

Evidence of arrest was given, and minor questions having been settled, the case for the Crown closed, and Lord Coleridge rose for the defence.

"Louise Masset!" he called out in clear tones, and the prisoner, with a quick and eager step, left the dock and mounted the witness-box, to give evidence on her own behalf.

The story she told was an extraordinary one. First of all she denied that she went to Brighton by the seven o'clock train. She said she left London Bridge by the 4.15 train.

Two or three Wednesdays previous to the eventful Friday she had met two ladies in the park. Little Manfred was with her, and ran up to a little girl, who was with the ladies.

"Hallo, Millie!" said he.

"Hallo, Manfred! Come and play," said the girl.

"Is this the little boy my child is in the habit of playing with?" asked the elder of the two women of Miss Masset.

"Yes, I suppose it is," she replied.

The Hanging of Louise Masset.

She got into conversation with the two strangers, who gave their names as Mrs. and Miss Browning. They were opening a home for children, the elder one said, and wanted Miss Masset to entrust Manfred to them. Miss Browning would have a kindergarten school, and the children's education would be well looked after.

"This is what I wanted," explained the prisoner. "I knew that Miss Gentle was not competent to see to my child's education, and, as he was growing, I wanted him put somewhere where he could begin to learn. The Brownings gave me their address, and I met them again in the park, and arranged terms, which were to be £12 a year to start with, and I closed the agreement. I told Miss Gentle that I was taking Manfred to his father in France, because I knew it would grieve her if she knew that I was putting him to another home in England. I met the Brownings on Friday at London Bridge Station, and gave them the child and the £12. Manfred was crying, and Mrs. Browning said she thought he might be hungry. They took him with them to the refreshment-room to buy a cake, and I waited for their return. They never came back. I looked for them everywhere, but they were nowhere to be seen. I caught the four o'clock train down to Brighton, and, when there, went to a restaurant, and had dinner; and then I walked about on "the Front," finally going to Mr. Findlay's hotel.

"Did you not feel suspicious about these Brownings?" asked Mr. Mathews.

"No. They were both perfect ladies, and I had their address."

Louise Masset stepped back into the dock.

All through the proceedings she had been quietly weeping, and now she began to sob aloud.

Mr. Mathews, in his speech to the jury, ridiculed the Browning story, and characterised it as pure fabrication on the part of the prisoner. "No one had ever seen these people but the prisoner," said he, "and the address that she states they gave to her proves to be that of a gentleman who has never so much as heard their name."

Miss Masset, argued the learned counsel, left London for Brighton by the seven o'clock train from London Bridge, despite her statement to the contrary. There was the evidence of Mrs. Rees—a perfectly independent and uninterested party—to prove that this was a fact. Mrs. Rees also saw Miss Masset with the child at three o'clock in the afternoon. What was the prisoner doing in the intervening four hours? She could not account for her time. He would suggest that during this time she murdered the child, first stunning him with the clinker-brick—one of the clinker-bricks in her sister's back-garden, it had been proved, was missing—and then smothering her victim with the black shawl.

There is no reason why we should go very lengthily into the speeches of Mr. Mathews and Lord Coleridge.

The latter gentleman, following hard upon the counsel for the Crown, asked the jury to believe Miss Masset's story. She had always been an affectionate mother, and the evidence against her in this case was purely circumstantial. There was, he argued, no motive for this crime, whereas the prosecution alleged that Louise's love for young Lucas, coupled with the fact that it was exceedingly probable she thought he intended to marry her, provided a motive.

The judge began his summing up.

All through the case Louise had been weeping quietly to herself, but now that the proceedings were drawing to a close, now that the dread moment that was to decide her fate was near at hand, she burst into a paroxysm of grief. Twice, however, she showed herself perfectly alive to her interests.

The judge called attention to the fact that she had lied to her relations about the visit to Brighton with Lucas, but that she had not troubled to lie about her previous visit to the seaside town with the young Frenchman.

"I did—I did, my lord!" suddenly cried a wailing voice from the dock. "I said I was going to Lewisham!"

Afterwards his lordship said that, in his opinion, if matters had not taken such a dangerous turn for the prisoner, her deception as to the child being in France would never have been discovered.

Again the frail, weeping woman in the dock sprang to her feet, her eyes for a moment sparkling with something of their old brilliance.

"The description would have been discovered, my lord," said she; "the child's father and friends were in France, and knew all about my child, and they would have asked about it."

"We have no evidence as to the existence of these persons," remarked a juryman.

Miss Masset sank back, and wept again.

The jury retired. For half an hour they were from the court, wherein the hum of many voices mingled in contradiction and differing opinions.

The bell rang. A hush fell in an instant upon the assembled throng. The jurymen filed into the box. The judge returned, and took his seat.

The tired, wasted-looking figure in the dock was supported by two wardresses as she stood up to hear the verdict.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty."

She did not swerve, or shudder, or faint.

She simply stood still as before, staring with eyes that no longer wept into vacancy.

The judge asked her if she had anything to say why she should not be hanged.

"Only that I am innocent," whispered the trembling lips.

The judge assumed the black cap.

Slowly, and in clear tones, he pronounced the words of doom.

When he had finished they led her away—led her from the light of day into the shadows of eternal night!

The judge and the jury paid each other compliments, and the trial was over. The crowd dispersed, well pleased with the latest sensation; the jury were well pleased to regain their liberty; and Louise Masset—Louise Masset lay in an agony of unutterable despair on her bed in Newgate's condemned cell.

To die! Ah, she was young to die, to leave the world—that world that is never so bountiful of glories as when we are leaving it—to depart from the sunshine and the flowers, and travel the long, lone journey to that country "from which no traveller returns."

To die! How could she die? How dare she die? What did eternity hold for her? A murdered boy, whose wail of wild reproach made terrible the Hall of Death. A thin, flitting spirit of a dead child, crying through the darkness, "I was conceived in love and killed in hate! My mother slew me—my mother, of whose flesh I was a part, with her own hands stifled within me the life to which she had given birth."

The days previous to that fixed for the accomplishment of the law's decree passed on. Desperate efforts were made to reprieve Louise, and she herself, to the last, clung to the hope that the efforts of those who were interesting themselves on her behalf would be crowned with success. An agitation arose in France, and a separate petition was there prepared, and sent up to our late Queen. But all these efforts were fruitless. The Home Secretary was obdurate.

Louise Masset was to die!

Two days previous to the date of execution it was found that the wretched woman's hair had turned white in the night!

The hallowing glory of her beauty had become as driven snow.

Who can picture the tortures of her unhappy soul? The mental anguish, the horror of remorse, the fear of death?

There was no drop of Lethe's waters in the cup of remembrance, the chalice of pain that she must drain to the bitter dregs!

On the 9th of January, 1900, she was hanged.

They pinioned the fair, round, unresisting arms; over the once beautiful face, the face grown cold beneath the kisses of imminent death, was drawn a white cap, and then—and then—let us hide the pitiable picture from our gaze.

Out of compassion, refuse her not your tears. She was once fair, innocent, and good, she—yes, this brutal murderess—was once a loving and adoring mother.

Surely for this lost youth spent amongst the roses of life there should be tears of pity! We cannot forgive her crime; it was appalling, and no extenuation can be urged in its defence. But that she, who was once all—and more—that we have described her, should have sunk into the depths of criminality, as she certainly did, is in itself a tragedy, and a tragedy not unworthy the tribute of a tear.

Let us forget, and, if possible, forgive. The mighty waters of Death have washed out her sins in their ever-rolling tides.

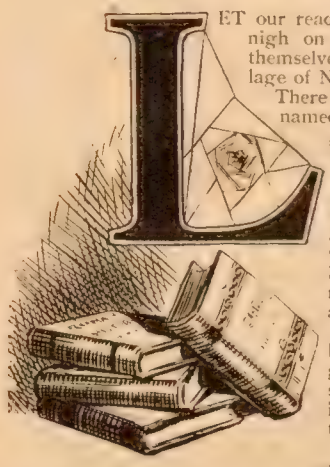
We ask again why should not a few tears mingle with the mighty flood as witnesses of the human heart's compassion?

A GENTLEMAN having observed in company that a deceased friend, a lawyer, had left behind him very few effects, "I can easily believe that," said a female present; "he had very few causes."

The Tragic Story of EUGENE ARAM.

"A tale . . .
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murder done in caves."
—Thomas Hood's Poem.

PART I.



LET our readers cast their minds back nigh on two centuries and picture themselves in the peaceful little village of Netherdale, in Yorkshire.

There dwelt a humble gardener named Aram. He was a man of good family, but the vicissitudes of the troublous times which had obtained in the previous two hundred years had reduced the line of Aram to poverty, and he preferred to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow rather than borrow from his acquaintances and friends. Despite his lowly station in life, however, the village gardener was highly respected as a man of breeding and an Englishman of the strictest integrity.

In the year 1704 a son was born to the toiler—to the man whose ancestor had been sheriff for the whole vast county of York in the reign of the Third Edward—and this son was named Eugene. It is needless for us to say that the payment of a menial in those days—differing greatly from that which is to-day given to dependants—did not enable Aram to give that education to his offspring which he would have desired. Nevertheless, he did his best in a humble way to provide his little child with the rudiments of general knowledge, while at home he was tended with all the care which a loving mother and a devoted father could bestow.

While little Eugene was an infant, his parents removed to Shelton, a village near Newby, in the same county. Later, when the subject of this history was six years old, the gardener Aram purchased a small cottage near Ripon, where the youthful scholar lived by day while he attended the village school. There the lad gradually picked up a sound knowledge of arithmetic and orthography, so that when at the age of fourteen he returned to his father's home at Shelton, he had acquired more useful information than was generally to be found in the class in which their poverty compelled his parents to move.

At that time Aram père was gardener to Sir Edward Blackett, and the boy was permitted to wander about the baronet's house pretty much as he liked, until the death of the squire.

Young Aram did not neglect the opportunities which were thus presented to him, and obtained permission to make use of the splendid library which his father's patron possessed. In the quiet recesses of the old house he pursued his studies of mathematics, daily improving and fitting himself for a better position in life than had fallen to the lot of his father. But among the many tomes to be found in the study at Shelton—or rather at Newby, the adjoining village—were works on polite literature, and casual glances at these taught Eugene what he did not know, and inspired him with a desire to explore the treasure houses of the classics. But just as he was making up his mind to rest his brain from the pursuit of figures for a short time, and devote his leisure to the rudiments of Greek and Latin, a post was found for him in the counting-house of a London merchant named Christopher Blackett.

Tied down to the dull routine of the office, Eugene did not forget that great men had written in the ages gone by, and he managed to keep up his love for literature, though he was unable to read the greatest works in the original texts. Still, every spare moment found him poring over some work by one of his fellow-countrymen, trying to improve his taste and model it on the greatest masters of English prose and poetry.

Thus the years went on till, during an epidemic of small-pox, the young man was stricken with the disease and barely escaped with his life. So much was his health impaired that it was found necessary for him to return to Yorkshire to recoup, and he again became an inmate of his father's house, and again was allowed to use the Newby library. Then it was that he devoted himself to English poetry, history, and archæology, finding in the pursuit of those branches of study the amusement which others would have sought with the rod or gun.

The temporary relaxation proving beneficial, young Aram decided to betake himself again to the gaining of his daily bread, and, being invited to Netherdale, he entered a school there in the capacity of an usher—or, as he would now be called, a junior master—and subsequently married. It is to be feared that this connection was far from a happy one, for he espoused a healthy, hearty country lass who had little in common with the student, enfeebled by disease, and caring but little for aught but his books. Indeed, later in life, Aram attributed all his misfortunes to his wife. Certain it is that the lady in question preferred the company of others more virile than her husband, and grave rumours reached the ears of the struggling schoolmaster. From these arose continual bickerings and perpetual worries, which made his domestic life odious in his eyes, and he preferred the solitude of the quiet schoolroom, when the lads had departed for the night, to the wrangling at his own hearth.

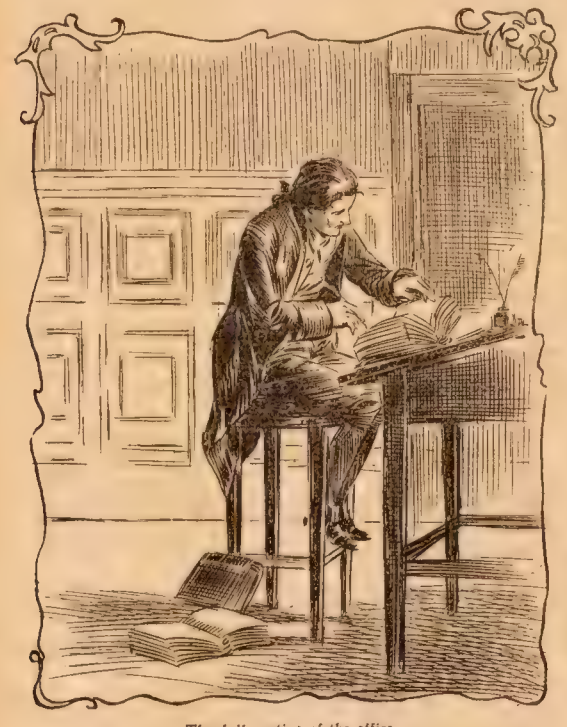
The leisure which he thus took he employed in the careful study of both Greek and Latin, and with painful steps plodded through all the writings of the greatest classic authors, eventually becoming recognised as a thoroughly learned man in all that pertained to polite literature. Greek tragedies were more to him than the ephemeral modern

EUGENE ARAM
FROM A RARE ENGRAVING

dramas, the writings of the Roman historians interested him more than those of our English annalists, but we are bound to wonder whether he ever dreamt that one day he would figure as the central actor in a terrible living drama, and that his name would be handed down in the pages of history

for the young to remember, and his example held up for them to avoid.

In 1734 he was invited by a Mr. William Norton to come to his estate and take over the agency of it, which he did. Eugene had known Mr. Norton for some considerable time, and it was really an act of friendship which prompted Norton to give the young usher a post which would, normally, be offered to older and more experienced men. While with his new patron, who lived on the outskirts of Knaresborough, Aram was able to study Hebrew, and eventually made such progress that he read the whole of the Pentateuch in the original tongue. It was also at Knaresborough that our hero managed to make his first acquaintance with botany, and he spent a considerable portion of each day in the fields studying the various plants to be found in the district. More than this, Yorkshire is rich in archæological remains, and Eugene made it his business during the ten years he remained with Mr. Norton to investigate every spot which was in any way renowned in his immediate neighbourhood,



The dull routine of the office.

besides travelling over the county from time to time to perfect his knowledge.

Thus he was enabled, at leisure, to amass a fund of information which has rarely been equalled, and it might also be said, never excelled by a boy educated in a village school, and later in his career he made effective use of his talents.

Naturally, the youthful agent was a *persona grata* in the district, and he made many friends amongst the small farmers and gentry, as well as with less important folk. Among the last-named was a man named Houseman, who eventually proved his evil genius. Houseman was a plausible person, and soon acquired a certain influence over the scholar, who was either too absorbed to notice it or too indolent to resist it. The couple met frequently, and something like friendship sprung up between them.

In the village of Knaresborough was one Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker, in a decent way of business, and before very long Eugene got to know him, and occasionally chatted with him about foreign parts. Clarke was invited, from time to time, to the house where Aram and his wife lived, and report had it that he was rather more intimate with Mrs. Aram than village prudishness approved of, but whether this was really the case or not has never been definitely determined. Any way, Aram never ceased to countenance the cordwainer, and he had a free entrée to the Aram ménage. Perhaps the student thought that Clarke was company for his wife while he was away in the library reading dusty tomes and amassing knowledge; or he may have looked on the company of the cobbler as a preventive against the terrible habit of drunkenness which Mrs. Aram had developed, and which made Eugene's home-life wretched.

Thus matters went on peacefully, to all appearances, until towards the close of the year 1744, when Clarke announced that he was about to be married, and later he led the daughter of a good family to the altar

The shoemaking establishment was forthwith abandoned, and Clarke announced that he intended to retire into private life, and live on a large fortune which was his wife's by right, and which he was about to take immediate steps for her to receive from her relations.

In the little village everybody made a point of knowing everybody else's business, and the report that Cobbler Clarke had become wealthy was industriously circulated. In due course Houseman got to hear of this sudden accession to riches, and laid in his mind a deep plot to obtain possession of some of it at least.

We have mentioned that Houseman was plausible, but we have not said that under a seemingly honest exterior he was really a great rascal. His experience of crime, successfully committed and undetected, told him that he ought to have an accomplice, and who more suitable or more likely to disarm all suspicion than the agent to Mr. Norton? So he approached Aram, suggesting that really Clarke should show a better front to the world if he was to be successful in becoming respected. To this prudent suggestion Eugene agreed, remarking that the world invariably takes a man at his own valuation. Houseman then proposed that Aram should talk to Clarke on the subject, and show him the wisdom of having the appearance of being a man of substance before he interviewed his wife's relations concerning her fortune.

The shoemaker and the agent discussed the matter for some time, and Clarke saw the wisdom of the suggestion; furthermore he was a man who loved ostentation, and his own tastes and inclinations would be gratified. But there was one thing that stood in the way. How was he to make the necessary display? He had little left of his savings, and was not likely to be trusted to any large extent. There was little doubt that he could obtain a certain amount of credit, owing to his position in the commercial world, but that amount would be far from sufficient to enable him to invest in the necessary luxuries which his new status would require of him. He was willing enough to borrow, ready enough to pledge his credit, but he did not see how it would be possible for him to do so without fear of rebuff. This difficulty he mentioned to Aram, who in turn communicated it to Houseman.

"Oh," said the latter, "that is easily rectified. I'll see Clarke on the subject." This he forthwith did, proposing that the parvenu should purchase on credit, or obtain on approval, a large number of articles of plate, jewellery, rings, watches, and such like valuables, stating that they were wanted for a London merchant who was about to export, and whom he represented. "Then," he added, "when you have got the fortune, you can return most of them, and buy those which you wish to retain. It is not dishonest, and is a transaction which is done every day."

Clarke fell in with the proposition, and set about visiting the neighbouring large towns, collecting a large supply of goods, which he stored in his house, first sending his wife back to her family, lest the feminine tongue should tattle before the day for the great coup had come.

So far Houseman's plans had gone all right, but it was not Clarke whom he was desirous of enriching; in his eyes Richard Houseman was a far more important personage. Clarke might work, Clarke might cheat, Clarke might even forge, and to all this Aram might be the accessory if necessary, but one point was not to be omitted—Houseman must be enriched, Houseman must gain something. If there was danger, let others bear it, but the "master mind" must not be jeopardised, even though its owner required half of the spoils. Day by day he watched the accumulation of wealth in Clarke's establishment, and day by day the demon of covetousness bit deeper into his soul. He must possess them in whole or part. Burglary was out of the question, for suspicion would fall on somebody, and why not on him? The punishment in those days for burglary was death. Then a bright idea struck him. If he killed Clarke it would be supposed that the vain little shoemaker had fled with the booty, and while he would be sought for, no one else would be suspected; besides, the punishment for murder was the same as for theft. He might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. Then the thought occurred to him, even if he did manage to kill Clarke and hide his body, Aram knew all

"AND THEN THE DEED WAS DONE."

about the collection of valuables and would be sure to mention that Clarke had only "borrowed" them for a short time on his (Houseman's) suggestion. Then it was far from unlikely that the agent would point to Houseman as being likely to have some knowledge of the whereabouts of the absconding man. Therefore it was absolutely necessary that Aram should be implicated in the plot, to force him to hold his peace.

Several days were spent by the rascal in persuading Aram to lend a hand in the foul deed, and it was only when he was promised half of the proceeds and was tempted by the fact that with the money he could add to his store of learned books, that the gentle Eugene consented to aid the murderer in his foul scheme. Even then he thought of it at night, and wished he had not promised, but the visions of the library which he would possess, the dream of the knowledge he could acquire, crowded any thoughts of the sinfulness of the project out of his mind.

A plot was then concocted by the habitual rogue and his dupe to inveigle Clarke out into the fields for a walk in order to talk about the proper disposition of his store of jewellery. Clarke fell into the trap, and was taken off the high road into a field, some distance from the town, to a spot known as St. Robert's Cave—so called from it being the reputed dwelling-place of a hermit of that name who prospered in the days when monks and anchorites flourished in the land.

Once there, Aram and Clarke forced their way through the hedge in order to have a look at the celebrated cave. Houseman pretended that he was detained for a moment or two, but in reality he stood sentinel. By the light of the moon the couple walked towards the opening. When they were within six or seven yards of it, Aram stepped behind his victim—

> "Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
> And one with a heavy stone,
> One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
> And then the deed was done."

ONE of the greatest examples of savage cruelty the annals of man can produce may be seen in the conduct of two men who were executed at Brussels in the year 1786. After gagging the husband and wife of the house they were resolved to plunder in order to revenge themselves on the husband, who, in his struggle to break his cords and prevent the robbery, happened to strike the legs of one of these hardened wretches, he immediately snatched an infant then in the cradle, and threw it into the oven where the poor family were baking bread; the villains then threw fresh faggots into the grated part of it, and as the father has since deposed on oath, they drew it out at last with the baking hook, and in the wantonness of unexampled barbarity, tore it to pieces before the faces of the agonised parents, whom they pelted with the lacerated limbs. At what point of cruelty will the human heart stop, when every principle of nature religion, and law is broken down and trod upon?

UNPARALLELED BRUTALITY OF A YOUTH WHO DESTROYED AN AGED LADY FOR A SORDID MOTIVE.

Eighteen and Eighty-five.

"The man that lays his hand on woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward."
—TOBIN, "The Honeymoon."

PART I.

MARIA STIGGLES was housekeeper to the Reverend Mr. Barker, the rector of Bacton, in the county of Suffolk, and had attained to the great age of eighty-five years, and she had fulfilled the double office of housekeeper and mistress of the venerable gentleman's home for a very long period.

The establishment was simple in its character, and primitive. There was but one female servant and one outdoor labourer, and all took their meals together at midday on Sundays. The Rectory was a lone, moated building at the extremity of the village and a mile and a half from the church, near to which William Flack, a youth eighteen years of age, lived. The young man had formerly worked at the Rectory, and knew the habits of the house; but he had not won the favour of the old housekeeper, who seemed to be anxious not to allow him to come there on the very day of her death, for she had sent a message to him to discharge him.

There was a high road leading from the church past the Rectory, which had two wings, and it is important to observe that there was no internal communciation between one wing and the other. The house was approached by a drive from the road. Between the church and the Rectory gate the road winded a little, and between the road and the house was a plantation and two narrow fields.

The house was usually entered by a glass door at the inner corner of the right wing, which door was mostly kept fastened by a chain on a slide. The apartments occupied by the family consisted of Mr. Barker's study, the kitchen, or "house," as it was called in that part of the country, and the parlour below stairs, and four or five bedrooms upstairs, all on one side of the house. On Sunday, as has been already observed, the family usually dined at midday, the service at church nominally commencing at half-past ten, but generally a little later. The housekeeper almost invariably stayed at home to prepare dinner.

It was the duty of Proctor, the man-servant referred to, to prepare the horse on Sunday morning for his master to ride to church, and it was usual for him to have a pint of beer in the house. It so happened, on Sunday, the 8th May, 1853, the key of the cellar was lost, and Proctor had to go away without his drop of beer; but the key was afterwards found before the family went to church, and the beer was drawn, and placed in a mug on the mat outside the cellar door, opposite the glass door already described.

The housemaid, Percy, was the first to leave the house for church, followed by Mr. Barker on horseback, the housekeeper, Mrs. Stiggles, being left at home to cook the dinner and take charge of the house.

The service was not very long that day, owing to the shortness of the lessons, and the congregation left the church at about half-past twelve. As Mr. Barker was on horseback, he arrived at the Rectory before the other members of the household. Soon afterwards the servant, Percy, arrived, and as she approached the house she met her master at the glass door, which had been found unfastened, and he exclaimed to her:

"Your mistress is dead!"

Percy went into the kitchen, and there saw the housekeeper lying on her back on the floor, her skull beaten in and her throat cut, and a pool of blood in the immediate vicinity. She was not dead, but moaned piteously, and she lived about an hour afterwards.

A chair was set against the table in the middle of the kitchen, a prayer-book was open on the table, and the old lady's spectacles lay beside the prayer-book, as if they had been taken off under no particular circumstances of alarm. It was also quite obvious that she had been to fetch the mug of beer, for the beer was spilled along the floor, and the empty mug lay beside her, not far from her right arm. It was also clear that there had been a struggle, for the leg of the table was bent, a chair close by stood with the front part turned to the wall, and under the table was a clot of dirt.

The neighbours came in and examined the house. In the parlour a cellaret had been moved forward and opened, but nothing was kept in it except a newspaper. The meat had been put down to the fire, but the pudding and greens had not been put in the saucepan. Near the cellaret stood a receptacle, or kind of basket, in which some fire-irons were kept, not in use. Two or three days afterwards it was discovered that a poker was missing from this basket. There was no trace of dirt or blood in going upstairs; but much reliance could not be placed upon this circumstance, because it turned out that the bleeding body was carried past the foot of the stairs.

In Mr. Barker's bedroom a sword had been taken out of the scabbard, and lay upon the bed with the scabbard. A pistol was missing, and a loaded double-barrelled gun stood in the corner of the room, an instrument not likely to be used for fear of creating an alarm. In the deceased's room some boxes had been removed. The maid-servant had a workbox, in which she kept a red silk purse, having two odd steel rings. In the purse were three sovereigns, and in the box a sixpence and an old coin. This box had been opened, the purse, with its contents, taken away, the sixpence also, and the old coin.

So far the case was clear. That a murder had been committed was beyond dispute; and although no suspicion alighted upon anybody at the time, certain circumstances revealed the possibility that William Flack was identified with the dreadful deed. He was subsequently arrested, and voluminous circumstantial evidence was collected and heard before the magistrate, who felt justified in sending the case to the Assize.

The first piece of evidence against the prisoner was that he stated to the Superintendent of the East Suffolk Police, when asked to account for his time on the morning of the murder, that he did not get up until nine o'clock, that he went into the belfry, and remained there until the bells had done chiming; that he next went into the porch, and sat there about half an hour smoking his pipe; then went home and fetched two pails of water for his mother; and finally went to the house of a person named Francis, and did not go anywhere else until the people came out of church.

The first fact against the prisoner was that this statement was untrue, and that he did go somewhere else, for he was seen, if not on the premises of Mr. Barker, at all events, very near them at the time of the murder of the unfortunate housekeeper. To prove this circumstance, a witness, named Osborne, swore that the prisoner was on the premises the Sunday preceding, and that on the day of the murder, just as Mr. Barker was going to church, he asked Osborne to go where they had been on the previous Saturday —meaning the Rectory. Osborne declined to go, on the ground that his step-father would not allow him.

There was in the village a person of the name of Page, a sub-letter-carrier, and he testified that, so far from the prisoner remaining in the porch, he accompanied Page along the road towards the Rectory for about half the distance, to what was called the Wyverstone turning. Several other witnesses said that he was seen upon the road far beyond the turning, within a hundred yards of a gap leading into the plantation in front of the Rectory.

The nature of the ground in the plantation was such that it was difficult to identify any footsteps there, but on the other side of the plantation was an oatfield, the oats in which were very low in the month of May, and traces of footsteps were discovered going from the plantation to the house, which, without placing too much reliance on the assertion, were said to correspond in length with the prisoner's boots.

The prisoner left the church, according to the analysis of counsel, at about twenty minutes before eleven, and would walk, perhaps, at the rate of about three miles an hour. At that rate it may be assumed that it would take him from twenty-five minutes to half an hour to reach the Rectory, and he would arrive there between five and ten minutes before eleven. Whoever the assassin was, the deed was committed between eleven and a quarter past; because the meat was before the fire, and the greens and pudding were not

in the saucepan, and it was well known that it was always the custom, with clockwork regularity, for the meat to be put down at eleven, and for the greens and pudding to be put in at a quarter past.

It was conjectured that the pieces of clay found under the table were kicked from the boot of the murderer. In this connection the shoemaker was in evidence who had repaired the accused man's boots. This witness happened to have no square-headed nails at the time, and he made shift to repair the boots with round-headed nails. The piece of clay is compared with a boot taken off the prisoner's foot, and it is found to contain the impression of round-headed nails, corresponding in form and appearance with the heel of the boot.

Thus, notwithstanding his statement to Jukes, it was proved that he was not only seen going in the direction of the Rectory, but, if reliance could be placed on the evidence of the piece of clay, he had been in the room where the murder had been committed.

matter of doubt. If he went upstairs before the murder he must have gone up stealthily and without noise, and, upon that supposition, it was likely that he took off his boots; if, on the other hand, he went up after the murder, the probability was that he would, in this case likewise, take off his boots, as no traces of blood or dirt were found upstairs, except a spot upon the bottom stair, with an appearance on the carpet in the kitchen of a person having walked over it with bloody shoes. It was probable that the man took off his boots, whether he went upstairs before or after the murder.

There was one circumstance connected with this point which arrested attention. It was easy for a man to take off his boots, even after the commission of a deed like this, but the pressure of time, the consciousness of guilt, and the desire to flee from the presence of his victim, which every murderer must feel, rendered it questionable whether he would stop to fasten his boots properly afterwards. The prisoner was seen going towards the house with his boots

LYING ON HER BACK WITH HER SKULL BEATEN IN.

It was also affirmed that between half-past eleven and a quarter to twelve he was seen coming in a direction at some distance from the Rectory. There was no path immediately from the Rectory, and a person had to cross two or three fields in order to get into the path in which the prisoner was seen.

He was first seen in a field called the Mill Mount field, where there was a mount with trees upon it, surrounded by a moat in which had been found a bill-hook. He was seen in the field at the time stated coming in the direction from the Rectory.

But other circumstances claim attention at this juncture. The greatest difficulty was experienced in establishing a theory as to how the murderer got into the house. Whether he got in through the window, or whether the deceased unbarred the door, it was impossible to satisfactorily make out; neither was it safe to hazard the opinion that the murderer had gone there with the pre-determination to consummate his sanguinary design. Probably the temptation overtook him suddenly and unexpectedly. But, however that may be, it was clearly certain that the assailant went upstairs, but whether before or after the murder was also a

laced up, but when he was seen in the Mill Mount meadow, coming from the Rectory, his boots were unlaced.

The next fact against the prisoner was an inconsiderable one, although it is necessary to touch upon it, because the case was made up of inconsiderable facts, and its strength consisted in their number. It was supposed a struggle took place between the deceased and her assailant. This fact was supported by the following points:

The wall in the kitchen was whitened, so that the colour would come off by rubbing. Reference has also been made to the spilling of the beer. It was conjectured that the assassin followed the woman into the room, that she stumbled forward upon being attacked, and fell down and spilled the beer, and that her assailant fell down, with his right shoulder against the wall. Prisoner had on a velveteen coat, and no whitening was seen on it as he went towards the house; but it was proved by those who saw him afterwards that marks of whitening were perceptible on his right shoulder and back.

There was no appearance of blood on Flack's clothing, but the assumption was that the woman was despatched by her assailant from the rear, and her throat was cut before

much blood had escaped from the wounds on the head; and it was not impossible that she had no opportunity for much resistance.

However it was to be accounted for, there was no blood found on any of the prisoner's clothes. There was one garment, however, which the police had not been able to find, and that garment was the prisoner's shirt.

We now revert to the chronological detail of facts. The prisoner was seen in the Mill Mount meadow. He then went along another meadow, and was seen to jump through a gap in the hedge into a lane by a girl, whom he accosted. After this he went up the road to the house of a person named Francis, who was the keeper of a little shop, and asked her to let him have a shirt and a pair of shoes for his mother. It being Sunday morning, Mrs. Francis declined to serve him. He went home, and, taking advantage of the absence of his brother from the house, he took his brother's shirt, and put it on, and when remonstrated with by his brother, said his own shirt was so ragged that he could not wear it.

There were two small ponds near his father's house—one called Bet Wilding's pond, and the other the Pound pond—and the next fact against the prisoner was that he was seen to go and fetch two pails of water from the Pound pond and afterwards to wash his boots in one of them.

The next phase in the evidence was a very material part of the case. The sum of £3 os. 6d. had been taken from the servant-girl's workbox. The prisoner had been a private in the West Suffolk Militia, and a day or two before the murder he had been employed by a person of the name of Leggett in "fleeing," a term used for stripping the turf off the green. On the Monday morning he asked Leggett for the wages due to him, amounting to three shillings, representing that he wanted money to buy victuals with, and in the evening of the same day he told Leggett he was going to Bury to take some money for "soldiering."

He must have had at that time the three pounds and sixpence taken from the workbox, and there can be no doubt that the request for the small sum of money representing his wages was a mere piece of artifice in order to conceal the possession of the money. He received the three shillings from Leggett, but at breakfast on Wednesday morning he told his mother he had no money to go to Bury with, although the third-class fare was a mere trifle, upon which his sister lent him a shilling. He afterwards saw Leggett again, and then said that he had been to Bury and had received his money for "soldiering." It was necessary that he should account in some manner for the possession of the money, and this was the story that he told.

He had money at Bury, and he spent money there at gambling and the purchase of clothes, but it was untrue that he received money from any person connected with the Militia. The whole story was trumped up, no doubt, for the reason we have already suggested.

There was another circumstance which asserted itself against the prisoner. He made a statement subsequently to the one he had made to Jukes, in which he accused a neighbour of the name of Moore of the crime. He said:

"Robert Moore asked me if I would go down to Mr. Barker's. He had asked me two or three Sundays whether I would go down with him. I asked him what for. He said he had got a spite against the housekeeper. I wanted to know what spite it was. He said it did not signify to me. He wanted to go there, and if I would go he would pay me for going. I told him I should not go unless he told me what he was going for. He told me again that he had a spite against the woman, and if I did not go with him he would go alone. We was talking on the green, and he went home, and put on an old pair of breeches and buskins, and he fastened some pieces of rag round his legs inside the buskins and round his arms. When he came back he told me he was going to do what he told me he was going to do. He went round by the fields, and I went along this road with Alfred Page. I walked past Mr. Barker's, and saw him going up to the house. I never stopped. I was coming homeward again. I was coming very slow, and see him coming through Mr. Barker's plantation into the road. He overtook me, and I asked him if he had done what he said he was going to do. He said 'Yes,' he had. He said he would give a sovereign and sixpence not to say anything about it."

It transpired in evidence that Moore was engaged the whole of the morning in question, and three or four witnesses were called to show that the accusation against him was entirely false.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

"I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stood the dread of every scolding quean."
—Gay's Pastorals.

CHAPTER VII.

SCOLDING was evidently looked upon in the olden times as a desperate disease, for it was a desperate remedy which was applied to cure it. In this enlightened century there is no punishment for a shrew who can nag her husband to her heart's content. Rather, she is protected by the law, for if the husband takes any violent steps to compel her to hold her tongue he speedily finds himself inside one of His Majesty's gaols.

We can only wonder what would happen to him if he attempted to use the ducking stool or to apply the scold's bridle.

These were two of the instruments of torture in use in England in the bygone times, and many are now preserved in various parts of the country as interesting relics of the past.

Cucking and the ducking stools are of very ancient origin, the latter being mentioned in the Doomsday Book in connection with the city of Chester.

Ducking Stool (Plymouth).

The appliances we have mentioned were originally two distinct machines, but in later times the names were synonymous and implied the instruments for the ducking of scolds in water. At first, however, the cucking stool was a most degrading form of punishment. It was used for women alone, and for various offences, the culprits being seated in the chair at their own doors or in some public place. One authority has it that "in reality the cucking stool was a seat of a kind which delicacy forbids us to mention, used for the exposure of flagitious females as a means of putting upon them the last degree of ignominy." In Borlase's "Natural History of Cornwall," in that county the cucking stool was used "as a seat of infamy, where strumpets and scolds, with bare feet and head, were condemned to abide the derision of those that passed by, for such time as the bailiffs of the manors, who had the privilege of such jurisdiction, did approve."

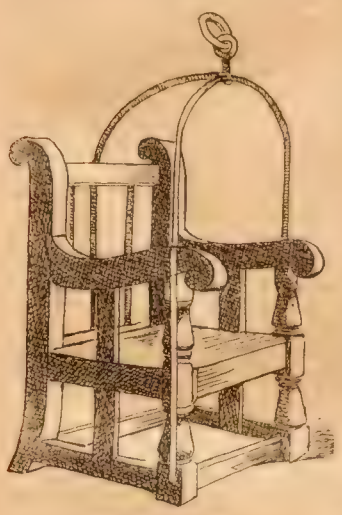
"Bygone Punishments" (Andrews) states that "ale wives in Scotland who sold bad ale were placed in the cucking stool. In the year 1555 we learn from Thomas Wright that it was enacted by the Queen-regent of Scotland that itinerant singing women should be put on the cuck stools of every burgh and town; and the first 'Homily of the Convention,' published in 1562, sets forth that 'in all well-ordered cities common brawlers and scolders be punished with a notable kind of paine, as to be set on the cucking stool, pillory, or such like.'"

In the "Environs of London" there is an account for the making of a cucking stool for Kingston-on-Thames. It is dated 1572, and is as follows:

	£	s.	d.
The making of the cucking stool	0	8	0
Iron work for the same	0	3	0
Timber for the same	0	7	6
Three brasses for the same and three wheels	0	4	10
	£1	3	4

This rather expensive machine must have been in pretty frequent use in Kingston, for in the old account books there are numerous entries of money paid for its repairs.

There must have been something in the air of Kingston which bred scolds, for the famous river resort also made pretty free use of the ducking stools. One of the best descriptions of these implements is strangely enough afforded by a Frenchman, one M. Messori, who travelled in England about 1700. "The ducking stool method of punishing women," he wrote, "is funny enough. They fasten an armchair to the end of two strong beams twelve or fifteen feet long, and parallel to each other. The chair hangs upon a sort of axle, on which it plays freely, so as always to remain in the horizontal position. The scold being well fastened in her chair, the two beams are then placed, as near to the centre as possible, across a post on the waterside, and, being lifted up behind the chair, of course, drops into the cold element. The ducking is repeated according to the degree of shrewishness possessed by the patient, and generally has the effect of cooling her immoderate heat—at least, for a time." An illustration answering to this description is given as the frontispiece of an old chap-book entitled "Strange and Wonderful Relation of the Old Woman who was drowned at Ratcliff Highway a fortnight ago." In this case it is evident that the people in charge of the beam gave the old beldame a dip too much. She was dead when the punishment was completed. This result was often achieved, for it was somewhat difficult to regulate the duration of the dips. The women when fastened into the chair would either be screaming for mercy or else giving the spectators an exhibition of her capabilities as regards recrimination and invective. Suddenly the beam would tip and into the river the woman would go, her cries being smothered by the water. If she gulped down a few quarts of water in the process it was no one's fault but her own.



Ducking Stool (Ipswich).

Cole, a Cambridge antiquary, writing in 1780 of the machine in use in the 'Varsity town, said: "In my time when I was a boy and lived with my grandfather in the great corner house at the bridge-foot, next to Magdalen College, Cambridge, I remember to have seen a woman ducked for scolding. The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge, and the woman, having been fastened to the chair, she was let under water three times successively, and then taken out. The ducking stool was constantly hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was an engraving representing devils laying hold of scolds. Some time after a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same device carved on it and well painted and ornamented.

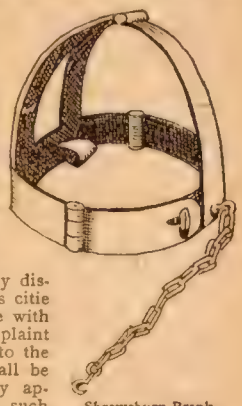
The "London Evening Post" of April 27, 1745, records one of the last instances of the use of the ducking stool in England. It says: "Last week a woman that keeps the Queen's Head alehouse at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of 2,000 or 3,000 people."

The journal does not tell us how the woman took her punishment, but it is not difficult to imagine the scene when one refers to the accounts and pictures of other similar incidents. Kingston Bridge would be the scene of no little excitement. The woman and her tongue would be well known in the village, news of her impending ducking would be noised abroad, and so at the appointed time work would be neglected and the folk would gather at the bridge. It would be a highly popular spectacle, for there would be many in the crowd who had, as the saying goes, had a taste of her tongue, and amid the jeers of the spectators the woman would go under the water.

Sometimes the ducking stool was erected at the village well, at other times at a horse pond. The ducking stool at Sandwick was embellished with figures of scolding men and women, whilst on the cross bar at the back was the inscription:

"Of members ye tonge is worst or best,
An yll tonge oft doth breed unrest."

It is recorded in "Collections from the History of Sandwick" that in 1534 two women were banished from the town for immorality. To deter them from coming back it was decided that "if they return, one of them is to suffer the pain of sitting over the coqueen stool, and the other is to be set three days in the stocks with an allowance of only bread and water, and afterwards to be placed in the coqueen stool and dipped to chin."



Shrewsbury Brank. (Last used in 1846.)

The records of many of the ancient towns contain references to stools. In the leet book of Coventry, under date of October 11, 1597 (says Mr. W. G. Fenton, F.S.A.), there is the following entry: "Whereas there are divers and sundrie disordered persons (women) within this citie that be scclds, brawlers, disturbers, and disquieters of theire neighbours, to the great offence of Almightie God and the breach of Her Majestie's peace; for the reformation of such abuses, it is ordered and enacted at this leet, that if any disordered and disquiet persons of this citie do from henceforth scold or brawle with their neighbo'rs or others, upon complaint to the alderman or ward-mode, or to the Maior for the time being, they shall be committed to the cooke-stoole lately appointed for the punishment of such offenders, and thereupon be punished for their deserts, except they or everie of them do presentlie paie 11s. 11d. for theire redemption from that punishment to the use of the poore of this citie."

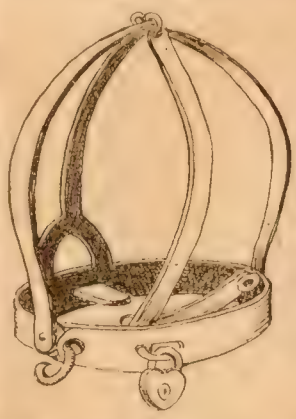
The Wakefield Sessions record, under date October 5, 1671, contains the following: "Forasmuch as Jane, the wife of William Farrett, of Selby, shoemaker, stands indicted at this sessions for a common scold, to the great annoyance and disturbance of her neighbours and breach of His Majesty's peace. It is therefore ordered that the said Jane Farrett for the said offence be openly ducked and ducked three times over the head and ears by the constables of Selby aforesaid, for which this shall be their warrant."

The illustrations of ducking-stools which we give depict the machine as used at a village well, the chair which was used at Plymouth, and that belonging to the town of Ipswich, which is still preserved in the museum there. This latter is a strong-backed armchair, with iron rods fastened to each arm in front and meeting in an arch overhead, whilst another rod from the back also curves over to the same spot. An iron ring for attaching the rope connected these rods together. Another elaborate stool is that preserved at Sandwich.

What is believed to be the last case in which the ducking-stool was used in England occurred at Leominster. In 1809 (according to Andrew in "Bygone Punishments") a woman, Jenny Pipes, alias Jane Corran, was paraded through the town on the ducking-stool, and actually ducked in the water near Thenwater Bridge. An eye-witness gave his testimony to the desert of the punishment inflicted on this occasion, in the fact that the first words of the culprit on being unfastened from the chair were oaths and curses on the magistrate. Some years later a woman was seated in the chair and wheeled round the town, but as the water was low she was not ducked.

The ducking-stool went over to North America with the Pilgrim Fathers, and the statutes authorising its use are still in force in some parts of the United States.

Scolds did not stand in very great dread of the ducking-stool, for even during the punishment they could give their tongue free play between the dips. With the brank, however, matters were very different, the wearer being compelled to silence. These bridles were made of a framework of iron in loops round the neck and head, opening by means of hinges at the sides and closed by a staple and padlock. To the inside of the band which passed over the face was attached an iron plate, which projected inwards, and when the brank was in use pressed heavily upon the tongue of the wearer. This formed an effectual gag, and more particularly was this the case when, as sometimes happened, it was made of rough metal, or had a series of sharp spikes attached. If the victim then moved her tongue in any way it was certain to be shockingly injured. A scold condemned to wear the bridle was led through the streets with it upon her head, amidst the jeers of the crowd, who did not hesitate to pelt her with all sorts

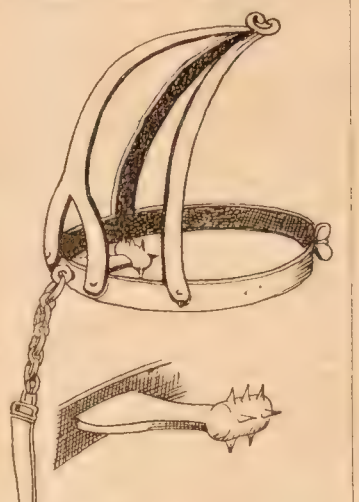


Brank with Mouthpiece (Leeds).

of missiles. Sometimes the woman was left to the mob's mercy, whilst on occasions she was fastened by a chain in some public place, either to the market cross or the whipping-post.

A brank is preserved at Walton-on-the-Thames, where it is given a place in the parish church. This bridle bears the date of 1633 and the following lines:

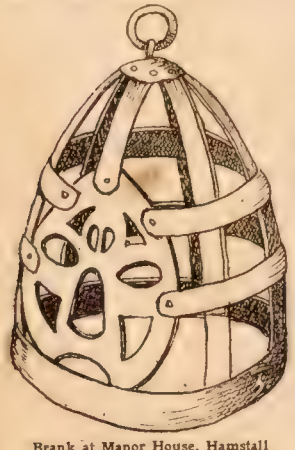
"Chester presents Walton with a bridle
To curb women's tongues that talk too idle."



Brank and Spiked Mouthpiece (Stockport).

This implement was given to the town by a gentleman named Chester. His object in making the presentation was to revenge himself upon the fickle sex, for it is recorded that he lost his estates through the indiscreet babbling of a woman.

One of the branks which we illustrate is preserved at Leeds. It is a harmless instrument. As will be seen, the gag is a plain piece of iron, and inflicted no pain. Another is preserved at Congleton, Cheshire, and with regard to this the following is on record: "It was formerly," we are informed, "in the hands of the town gaoler, whose services were not infrequently called into requisition. In the old-fashioned, half-timbered houses in the borough there was generally fixed on one side of the large open fireplaces a hook, so that, when a man's wife indulged in her scolding propensities, the husband sent for the town gaoler to bring the bridle, and had her bridled and chained to the hook until she promised to behave herself better for the future. I have seen," says the writer, "one of these hooks, and have often heard husbands say to their wives, 'If you don't rest with your tongue I'll send for the bridle and hook you up!'" The mayor and justices frequently brought the instrument into use, for when women were brought before them charged with street brawling and insulting constables and others while in discharge of their duty, they have ordered them to be bridled and led through the borough by the gaoler. The last time this bridle was publicly used was in 1824, when a woman was brought before the mayor charged with scolding and using harsh language to the churchwardens and constables as they went on the Sunday morning round the town to see that all the public-houses were empty and closed during divine service. In examination a Mr. Richard Edwards stated on oath that on going round the town with the churchwardens on the previous day they met the woman (Ann Runcom) in a place near 'The Cockshoot,' and that immediately seeing them she commenced a sally of abuse, calling them all the scoundrels and rogues she could lay her tongue to, and telling them 'it would look better of them if they would look after their own houses rather than go looking after other folk's, which were far better than their own.' After other abuse of a like character they thought it only right to apprehend her, and so brought her before the bench on the following day. The mayor then delivered the following sentence: 'That it is the unanimous decision of the mayor and justices that the prisoner there and then have the town's bridle for scolding women put upon her, and that she be led by the magistrates' clerk through every street in the town as an example to all scolding women, and that the mayor and magistrates were much obliged to the churchwardens for bringing the case before them.'"



Brank at Manor House, Hamstall Ridware.

The most brutal brank now in existence is that preserved in Stockport, Cheshire. "It will be observed," says the local historian, "that the special characteristic of this brank is the peculiar construction of the tongue plate or gag. It is about two inches long, having at the end, as may be seen in the illustration, a ball, into which is inserted a number of sharp iron pins, three on the upper surface, three on the lower, and two pointing backwards. These could not fail to pin the tongue and effectually silence the noisiest brawler. At the fore part of the collar there is an iron chain, with a leathern thong attached, by which the offender was led for public gaze through the market-place."

A most extraordinary brank is that preserved at Hamstall Ridware. The wearer, to say the least of it, suffered great discomfort. As will be seen, it almost completely covers the face, and the gag effectually prevents the tongue from wagging.

Some of the "ladies" who have been put upon the "black list" during the last few months have been particularly garrulous when before the magistrates. It is something of a pity that the days of the scold's bridle are passed. Branks might be used with splendid effect in these degenerate days. We commend the idea to our legislators at St. Stephen's. And, by the way, what price the brank in the great "Cackle Shop"? It would save the Premier no end of trouble!

Criminal Problems.

THE MENTAL CONDITION OF CRIMINALS.

THERE is one trait in the character of the criminal which will be met with wherever the law-breaker exists, namely, cowardice. Whether this is naturally inherent in the delinquent's personality or whether it is the result of his misdoings has not been definitely determined, but certain it is that, where there is a tendency to crime, there will be found cowardice. Curious as it may appear, this "kink" in the mental and moral state of the individual is the more marked the more brutal or violent the form of crime indulged in.

The urchin after his first theft fancies that every bush conceals a policeman ready to arrest him. As the youthful criminal grows to manhood this elementary form of cowardice vanishes, only to be replaced by a stronger dread of a treacherous confederate, the bête-noire of the habitual swindler. The forger lives in perpetual fear of discovery, and often appears to be really relieved when his delinquencies have been brought to light; though for weeks—it may be years—that is the very event which he has plotted to avoid. To one class of criminal only is the predominant characteristic of cowardice a stranger, namely, to the murderer.

This is probably due to the fact that the man who takes another's life is rarely a natural criminal, but rather an accidental one, a creature of circumstances, or of sudden impulse, more than a calculating breaker of the law. The study of a large number of cases of murder proves that the miscreant seldom fears arrest, and, when put to the supreme test of facing the gallows, bears himself with a fortitude which, under happier circumstances, would win the admiration of his fellows.

Taking cowardice, then, as the basis of the criminal character, what is the next most marked trait? Examine the records of crime for the past twenty years, and you will be surprised to notice how few transgressions against the law take place on Fridays. Why is this? Surely the very day of all others, when the members of the lower classes have least money, should be the very day when most offences against property are committed! But it is not so. A coward is always superstitious. The man who does not scruple to commit the most daring robberies, to batter women and children, or to swindle the widow and orphan, trembles at his own shadow and fears that evil will befall him if he passes beneath a ladder or plies his nefarious business on a Friday. Thus it comes about that, with the exception of actors, criminals are the most superstitious people living.

One celebrated burglar, who eventually added murder to his repertoire and perished on the scaffold, only once in the whole course of his career risked working on a Friday, and it was that very enterprise that led to his capture.

Every prison governor can tell of men who have from time to time been under his care and who have ascribed their incarceration to the breaking of some trifling rule which superstition has imposed on them. It may be that they have failed to carry some particular "mascot," or that they may have turned back when setting out to "do the job," or possibly may have disregarded a dream—it matters not. It is to the commission or omission of one of these things that the convict ascribes his downfall, and not to his own folly and wickedness.

There is yet one other peculiarity found in all criminals—the desire for wealth rapidly acquired without regular labour. Whether it be the street arab, who picks a pocket, or the swindling company promoter, the bent of the mind is the same, the distinction lying solely in the individual's conception of wealth. Further than this we cannot go, for circumstances largely affect the criminal's character, but it may be taken as an axiom that cowardice, superstition, and cupidity will always be present in individuals who show a natural tendency to break laws.

A SORDID TALE OF GUILT AND TERROR.

Theodore Gardelle.

His victim wounded, perhaps by accident, the villain finished her off, and having dismembered her corpse, endeavoured to dispose of the awful evidence of his crime.

"These false pretexts and varnished colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul thou must appear."
—MILTON, "Samson Agonistes."

NOWADAYS crimes of murder, followed by the dismemberment of the victim, are of such interest to the public at large that it may not be out of place to lay before our readers a short account of one of the first authentic and notorious cases of this kind which occurred in Great Britain, and of which a reliable record is available.

About the commencement of the year 1760, Theodore Gardelle, a Swiss, living in Geneva, determined to come to London to see whether his art of miniature painting would be better patronised in Great Britain than it was in the land of his birth. He took lodgings in the house of a Mrs. King, who was living in Leicester Fields, or what is now known as Leicester Square. There he remained for some short period, and then, fancying that the air of the country would be more beneficial to his health, he moved to Knightsbridge, in those days a quiet village. In his rural retreat he stayed for some weeks, but he found that the distance from the art centres was too great for him, and he returned to the dwelling of Mrs. King.

Weeks went on quietly enough till the month of February, 1761. Then the worthy landlady asked Gardelle to paint her portrait. Pleased at the commission, the Swiss set to work, and produced a very creditable likeness, but, unfortunately, it was too true to life to be quite pleasing to the mistress of the house, who ardently desired to be represented as a beauty. She had undoubtedly been possessed of considerable charms, but the ravages of time and the wearing nature of her profession—for she was one of the nymphs that flitted round the region of Leicester Fields at night, and whose successors are still to be found to-day—had bereft her of what loveliness she had once owned. The difference of opinion gradually waxed stronger, till it became the subject of violent quarrels, the painter declaring that his was a true likeness, and the dame indignant that the painter would not debase his art to minister to her vanity. Thus matters were on the evening of February 18, 1761.

On the morning of the 19th, Mrs. King's maid rose at seven o'clock, and opened the windows in the front parlour. That done, she went to the door of the back parlour to ask her mistress for the key of the front door. The door of this room was fastened by one of those old-fashioned bolts which can be operated from the bedside by means of a string. The latch was raised, and the maid took the key. The bolt was then dropped, and the maid told to open the door communicating with the front parlour, and leave that way. She did so, and then lit the fire in the parlour, so that the room might be warm when Mrs. King rose. This brought it to about eight o'clock. Her next duty was to call Gardelle, which she proceeded to do; but she found him already hard at work, dressed in a red and green nightgown. He gave her a couple of letters, his silver snuff-box, and a guinea, with orders to deliver the two letters, get change for the guinea, and bring him some snuff in his box.

One of the letters was addressed to a Mr. Mozier, in the Haymarket, and the other to the tobacconist. The girl went down to her mistress, and told her that she had to go out on an errand for the lodger.

"Nanny, you can't go," cried the woman, "for there is nobody to answer the door if anyone should call.

Nanny thought it was hard that Gardelle should be deprived of his snuff for the gratification of Mrs. King, so she answered that she would arrange for him to come down and wait in the parlour till she came back. To this arrangement Mrs. King agreed. The maid then went up and told Gardelle what she had done. The Swiss appeared pleased, and came into the lower parlour, while Nanny went out on her errand.

The Swiss had not been there for more than a few seconds when an angry female voice exclaimed: "Who's there?"

At the same moment the door leading into the back room where Mrs. King slept was opened, and the lady stalked in, arrayed only in a very short night-dress.

"Well, Froggy, why cannot you paint a picture decently?" was her greeting. "You cannot paint at all. Your proper work is to tar hawkers' barrows!"

This delicate piece of chaff angered the foreigner, and, knowing English but imperfectly, he was at a loss for a fitting word to express his annoyance; so, for want of a better term, he called Mrs. King "One impertinent voman." Now, Mrs. King, like many of the ladies of her profession, was very fond of abusing others, but could not bear to have the slightest slur cast on her own sullied character, and this little reply of the "Froggy" threw her into a transport of rage. With a shriek, she rushed at Gardelle, and dealt him a violent blow on the chest; so violent a blow, he declared afterwards, that he would not have thought any woman capable of striking it. The next instant she stepped backwards a little, and Gardelle, not wishing to receive another punch, placed his hand on her shoulder, with the intention of pushing her off. He pushed, but rather too strongly, for the dame took a hurried step backwards, her foot caught in a hole in the floorcloth, and she fell heavily on her back, striking her head against the corner of the bedpost.

In an instant blood issued from her mouth, and Gardelle rushed up to her, and tried to raise her, declaring that he had not the least intention of doing her any harm, and expressing his great concern at the accident; but she kept on cursing him and saying that she meant to have the law of him for attempted murder. At this the Swiss was greatly alarmed, and again went forward to raise her, and to try to staunch the blood; but she repelled him, mingling loud shrieks with her threats.

Gardelle was at his wits' ends what to do. If the maid came in she would assuredly call the police, and he would be delivered into custody. Lying on the dressing-table was an ivory comb, with a long, spiked end, such as some ladies use for arranging their curls. This caught his eye, and he seized it.

In his turn he now threatened the landlady, but she only continued to scream the louder, so he struck her a violent blow with the instrument on the side of the throat. The sharp point penetrated the main arteries, and the blood gushed from Mrs. King's mouth in a continuous red stream.

Shocked for the moment at what he had done, Gardelle drew the bedclothes over his victim, and having closed the door, stood watching the convulsions of the poor woman as she fought for life. But in a few minutes all was over, and what lay beneath the heap of bedding was but lifeless clay. Still he stood beside the mound, peering to see if a thin red stream trickled from beneath the clothes, and when at last it did ooze out, staining the carpet, he fainted. After a short time he recovered his senses, and passing into the parlour, saw that the maid had come in while he was unconscious, and had left the snuffbox and his change on the table. In his confusion he stumbled and fell, striking his eyebrow against the edge of the wainscotting, and raising a bruise. He then stumbled upstairs, after locking the door of the death-chamber.

While this was going on the maid had returned, having only been out for about a quarter of an hour. Seemingly she was acquainted with the fact that her mistress was a daughter of Rahab as well as a daughter of Eve, and noticing that the door between the two parlours was shut, and that Mr. Gardelle was not to be seen, she drew her own conclusions,

so she left the goods and money on the table and went downstairs to get her breakfast.

Having finished her morning meal, she went back to the parlour to see that the fire was burning properly, and then noticed that the snuff and money had been taken from the table, so she concluded that Gardelle had returned to his own bedroom. Later she went up to set the lodger's room to rights, and, to her surprise, saw Gardelle coming from the garret, a part of the house with which he had nothing to do. He did not speak to her, but went into his room, and an hour afterwards she saw him again, fully dressed, with a black patch over his eye. He had then written another letter, with which he sent her to Great Suffolk Street.

This errand only took her fifteen minutes, and when she returned Gardelle told her that a gentleman had called for her mistress, and that the pair had gone off in a coach together. Nanny was a bit simple, but she had sufficient sense to know that Mrs. King could not dress and receive a gentleman in a quarter of an hour. She, therefore, supposed that her mistress was ashamed at being caught in her amours with the foreigner, and was keeping in her room till all had blown over. This satisfied the girl for the moment, and she went about her ordinary housework for the day.

Towards one o'clock, Pelsey, a footman to a Mr. Wright, who used to lodge with Mrs. King, called and said that his master was returning to London that day, and would require his rooms that evening. The maid replied that she would tell Mrs. King. Pelsey then retired. A couple of hours later Gardelle sent for her, and gave her a letter to a Mr. Broshet, of Suffolk Street. She took it, and when Mr. Broshet had read it he turned to the girl and asked her if she knew that Mr. Gardelle was to discharge her. "No," said Nanny, "I have heard nothing of the sort." "Well, here is a letter from Mr. Gardelle telling me to make out a proper receipt for your wages, which he will pay you, because Mrs. King has gone out, and will bring another woman in with her." This only confirmed the servant's suspicions, and she thought that she had been dismissed because she might make use of the knowledge which she had of her mistress's character. However, she said nothing, but brought the receipt to Gardelle, who paid her wages, gave her a tip, and dismissed her. Then the unfortunate alien thought that he had the house to himself, and could consider what to do with the bloody record of his passion and violence. But he was mistaken. As the maid left the door, Mr. Wright's footman again appeared, and said that his master was going to stop in the house of a friend, but that he would have to lodge there. The maid told him that Mrs. King had been in her bed all day without food or drink, but that if he waited he could see her. Jeames was in a hurry, and said that he would interview the landlady next day, and took his departure.

Then Gardelle made preparations for concealing his crime. He went into the woman's bedroom and removed the heap of clothes. Mrs. King was dead and cold. He stripped her naked, and laid the body on the bed. Then he collected the bloodstained blankets, the curtains, and the dead woman's nightdress, and in doing so stained his own linen with blood. The bedclothes he put into the water tub at the back of the house to soak, the nightdress he carried up to his room and put it into a bag under his bed, his own shirt and stained linen he stuffed into his bureau. This being done, he was anxious to make up his mind as to the best method of disposing of the corpse, and to that end sat down in the parlour to think out his plans. He had hardly got settled down when Pelsey came in and retired to his room to rest till later, prior to going to bed.

This disturbed Gardelle, who did not dare to set about his ghastly work with the footman in the house. About eleven at night Pelsey came down and inquired for Mrs. King, but was told that she had not come in. The footman asked who intended to sit up for her, and Gardelle said that he would do so. On the following morning—Friday—Pelsey again inquired for the landlady, but was told by Gardelle that she had returned late and again gone out. This apparently satisfied Pelsey, who went about his business with his master, after having asked how Gardelle got the bruise over his eye, and being told that it was an accident which happened while the artist was cutting wood.

IN AN INSTANT BLOOD ISSUED FROM HER MOUTH.

That same evening he was again let into the house by Gardelle, who told him that Mrs. King had been in, and that he would sit up a second time for her. But, strange as it may appear, Pelsey did not think it at all suspicious when, on Saturday morning, he was told that Mrs. King had gone to Bath or Bristol with a friend on the previous day.

Shortly after noon on Saturday, Mr. Mozier, who was intimate with Mrs. King, called and asked for her, stating that he had come to take her to the theatre. Gardelle replied that he was very sorry, but Mrs. King had gone into the country. Mozier went off for a few minutes and returned with a friend of his who had known Gardelle for a short time. The two sat in the parlour, little dreaming that in the next room lay all that remained of the poor, frivolous Mrs. King, and that the country to which she had gone was one from which no traveller returns.

The pair noticed that Gardelle was very down in the mouth, and, thinking that his tastes were the same as their own, went out and engaged a lady of pleasure from Leicester Fields or Piccadilly to bear him company during the absence of one whom they believed to be his mistress.

Gardelle had to appear pleased at this mark of friendship, but in reality he desired the good woman's room to her company, for he had then decided what he would do with the body of the late harridan.

The new companion's name was Walker, and she wished to be useful as well as affectionate. So she proposed that she should get him in a charwoman to do up the house a bit, and took some of his linen to mend in the daytime. Gardelle tried hard to be grateful for these tender attentions, but he was haunted by the ever-present thought that in a few hours the body of Mrs. King might begin to make the parlour uninhabitable, with the inevitable consequence that he would be discovered, and consigned to an ignominious fate.

When Gardelle and his companion had rested in bed for some time on the Saturday night, the Swiss thought that it was safe for him to creep downstairs and see what had become of the horrid corpse which had been lying stark naked on the bed since Thursday. Silently he stole from beneath the sheets, but Walker was a wakeful wench, and she ran after him begging him not to leave her in a strange house. So perforce he had to return. Early on the Sunday morning, however, he rose, and told the girl that it was not time for her to get up. She, being drowsy, agreed, and fell off to sleep again. That was the artist's opportunity.

Partly dressed, he went down to the basement and fetched a hatchet. Then he went to the dead woman's room. There, with knife and axe, he chopped up the body. The head he severed through the mark which the comb handle had made, hoping that thereby all proof of foul play would be removed even if the portion were discovered. The limbs he cut through at the junction of the thigh and the trunk, and the arms he amputated at the shoulder joint. All this butcher's work took some time, and he had barely finished dividing up the corpse into joints when he heard the footsteps of Walker up above. Hastily closing the door of the back room, he started to light the parlour fire, and was thus engaged when his mistress found him. He appeared very confused, and never even asked her to stop and have breakfast, but packed her off to fetch the charwoman. This she did, and returned with the ancient dame. Then Gardelle, Walker, and several friends who had called to see him went out, leaving the charwoman to keep house. In the evening they returned to supper, the servant and guests departed, leaving Gardelle and his new companion together.

On the following morning the house-cleaner was instructed to tell Pelsey that Walker was a relation of Mrs. King, and had been asked to look after the establishment during her absence, but the footman had some knowledge of the world, and knew that the artist and the "relation" shared the same room, so he began to grow a little suspicious.

As he was coming downstairs on the Tuesday morning, Pelsey smelt a most offensive odour, and called Gardelle to know what was the matter. The lodger replied that someone had thrown a bone in the fire. This was literally true, for he was himself engaged in burning the bones of the murdered woman. That same evening he made an attempt to complete his horrid task of destroying the entire body. With a large kitchen knife he cut the flesh off from the bones and strewed it in strips in the cockloft. The bowels he threw into the closet, the remaining bones he tried to destroy by fire.

All these operations were carried on while Walker and Pelsey were asleep, and they had no real suspicion that anything had taken place. On Tuesday, however, the charwoman, Pritchard by name, told Pelsey that the water in the water-butt was very low, and was discoloured, but the pair had no curiosity, and did not look into the barrel till the following Thursday, when the two servants fished out the bedclothes which Gardelle had put to soak from the tub. Then Pelsey got alarmed, and went off to find the maid whom Gardelle had dismissed, and asked her whether Mrs. King or she had put the articles in to wash. The servant said that she knew nothing about the matter at all, and added that she was sure she had been dismissed because she had caught the landlady and lodger under compromising circumstances. This disclosure led Pelsey to communicate the matter to his master, and on Friday a Mr. Barron, an apothecary, was consulted. He advised that on the following day the maid should be taken to Bow Street, and should be made to swear an affidavit before the magistrate. This was done, and a warrant for the arrest of Gardelle issued.

When the officials came on Saturday night to apprehend him, Gardelle was sitting alone, having dismissed his companion a couple of days previously. When told the mission of the police, he fainted with fright, and some time was spent in restoring him to his senses. When he had sufficiently recovered, he was asked for the key of Mrs. King's room, and replied that she had taken it into the country with her.

Under these circumstances, the police forced an entry through the window, and found the back parlour a veritable shambles. Blood was everywhere. The remaining bedding was saturated with blood, the mattress soaked with gore which had oozed from the corpse. The clothes which had been in the tub were found hanging to dry on the banisters, and bore the stains of human blood. Strongly protesting his innocence, Gardelle was at once carried before Mr. Fielding, the Bow Street magistrate, and was committed for trial. On Monday two experts were commissioned to examine the house, and in the garret they found one of the deceased woman's breasts, many strips of flesh of varying size, and several charred bones. Up the chimney more burnt bones were discovered, while in the drain the entire entrails of a woman were hidden.

When confronted with this mass of evidence, Gardelle confessed his guilt, but urged that the death was accidental, inasmuch as he had no desire to slay Mrs. King. His trial lasted but a short time, and he was sentenced to die.

Two days later, on April 4, 1761, the condemned man was taken from his prison and, as was the custom in those days, was brought to the place of execution in a cart amid the jeers and howls of a vast crowd. We can picture the prisoner, with his coffin beside him, seated with his Prayer-book in his hand, trying to prepare himself for the time when he will have to meet his Maker. But how difficult must have been his task may readily be conceived when we think of the insults that were levelled at him by infuriated onlookers, who had gathered to follow the procession and to gloat over the last moments of the condemned criminal.

Arrived at the place of execution, the sheriffs closed round him with the ordinary; but, being a Roman Catholic, he preferred to accept the ministering of his own religion, but did not refuse to repeat the Lord's Prayer with all assembled. This, indeed, was expected from all "brave convicts."

Everything being now prepared, the rope was fastened, the ladder suddenly turned, and Gardelle met his just doom on the gallows erected in the Haymarket, at the end of Panton Street. There he dangled for an hour, and his body was taken to the anatomists to be dismembered, even as he had dismembered his victim.

Prior to his death he left two confessions, one in English and the other in French, and it is from these that the foregoing account of the tragedy is compiled, for as no one was in the house when the deed was done, only the actual murderer was cognisant of the full details of his sin.

It will be remarked by all who have studied the history of crime that the excuse for his act, set up by the infamous Greenacre some seventy-six years later, was identical with that proposed by Gardelle. He swore that his victim had fallen backwards when slightly pushed, and had died, and that he was afraid to meet the charge, so had dismembered her and distributed the parts.

As a curious point, it may be mentioned that Gardelle made two attempts to kill himself while in prison. On the first occasion he swallowed forty grains of pure opium, but was in no way affected by it, and on the second he swallowed twelve halfpennies covered with verdigris, and suffered no discomfort. On ordinary mortals, either of these "doses" would have proved fatal, and the learned medicos of the day regarded his immunity from poison as a proof that heaven wished him to be hanged.

Criminal Lunatics and Their Treatment

IF there is one question more than another which merits the strictest attention on the part of the authorities it is the efficient dealing with criminal lunatics, with those whose irresistible impulse to crime has placed them outside the pale of the ordinary citizen.

Criminal lunatics may be grouped into two classes. First come those who have in a moment of temporary aberration committed some act which has made them amenable to the law of the land in which they live. For these there is a certain amount of hope. They may, after a time, regain their senses, even if they have not done so immediately after the commission of the crime, and when it is absolutely certain that they are perfectly compos mentis they may, with comparative safety, be permitted to rejoin their fellows. The greatest discrimination should, however, be exercised in releasing this class of criminal lunatic, for they are very liable to relapse after a short spell of freedom. The stress of daily life, the worries attendant on gaining a livelihood, the cares of the family, all may tend to drag the poor sufferer back into the net of imbecility, and the consequences to the public at large may be very great.

The second class of criminal lunatics are those whose unfortunate mania is homicidal. These should rarely be permitted outside the walls of the criminal lunatic asylums, save to be removed at the expense of their relatives to some other certified home. The homicidal mania is one of the most liable to recur, and it is rare to find a patient of this class who was really insane at the time he committed the act for which he was detained, and was not sent there by a sentimental grand jury, who preferred to class a man as a lunatic rather than brand him as a murderer, who has not been forced a second time to pass the grim portals of Broadmoor.

This seems a strong statement to make, but facts amply justify it. Take the case of the maniac who committed so many massacres throughout London, and who was known as "Jack the Ripper." He had been once, and probably twice, confined in a lunatic asylum, and at the very moment that his dead body was found floating in the Thames, his relatives, alarmed at his disappearance, were engaged in making inquiries with a view to having him secured again. Had he been properly seen to, and the conditions of his life inquired into before he was released from safe custody, in all probability those terrible murders would never have taken place.

This example could be multiplied indefinitely. How often is it that we read in our papers of a plea of insanity being set up on behalf of a man, and it being stated that he had previously been confined in a lunatic asylum? Had these cases been properly managed, they would never have caused the death of innocent persons. The criminal lunatic is a danger to the State, and, whether convicted or not, should be under Government control during the rest of his or her life.

There is another species of homicidal mania, which requires great attention at the hands of those who have the regulating of these matters, namely, infanticides.

A sudden attack of puerperal fever, following on childbirth, may lead a woman who has never previously shown the least tendency to insanity to murder her offspring. She is sent, perhaps, to the nearest county asylum, and, after a time, released. Any medical man will tell you that the chances are enormous that when she bears a child again the old lust for blood will come over her, and she will be incapable of resisting it.

Here is a case in point. A woman murdered her first child during an attack of fever following on child-birth. She was arrested in due course, and sent to the nearest county asylum. After a time she regained her normal condition, and when the authorities thought that she was fairly sane, she was released. A little time passed, and again she was brought to bed with an infant. This time she waited several days, watching the nurse with lynx-like eyes till her back was turned. Then she slew this babe also, and was again relegated to the asylum. A second time her condition improved so much that the doctors felt justified in releasing her, and she returned home.

All went well for a year or two, when a third time she became pregnant, and when her infant was born she killed it in exactly the same manner as she had destroyed the previous two. This time she was consigned to Broadmoor, where the rule is not to permit the discharge of any infanticide until all possibility of their bearing children is passed. If this rule were made absolute in every asylum, the country would be much benefited.

Even when this class of criminal is liberated, constant, unremitting care and supervision is necessary, so as to detect the slightest symptom of a fresh outbreak of insanity. This is fortunately provided by an association which makes it their duty to provide after care for discharged criminal lunatics.

Among the habitual criminal lunatics requiring special treatment is the kleptomaniac and the incendiary. These have sudden outbreaks from time to time, but there is no need why they should not be confined for long periods, inasmuch as, with due precautions, their failing can be sucessfully combated without undue hardships. Still, proper regulations should be framed for their management, and a certain period allowed to elapse before they are given their freedom, for one kind of mania may develop into another.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

A YOUNG man, brought before a magistrate on a charge of horse-stealing, the justice the moment he saw him exclaimed, "I see a villain in your countenance." "It is the first time," said the prisoner very coolly, "that I knew my countenance was a looking-glass."

THE following account has reached us from Charleston regarding the wreck of the Norwegian barque "Drot," bound from Pascagoula to Buenos Ayres. When some 250 miles from this port the steamer "Woodruff" sighted some wreckage, and, immediately reducing steam, lowered a boat, which put off without delay to the rescue of those who were seen to be in the last stage of exhaustion. The only survivors were two men, Maurice Anderson and Goodmund Thomassen, who were taken on board, and, after restoratives had been administered, stated that there were seventeen on board the ill-fated vessel. The captain and eight men were washed overboard, while the other eight, after much difficulty, constructed a raft and got on to it. It was not very long before the raft parted, leaving two on the one section and six on the other. One of the six went overboard, two died, leaving the other three without either provisions or water.

When landed and placed in hospital Maurice Anderson became a hopeless maniac, and poor Thomassen was for a long time under medical care, suffering from the bites he received from his hungry companion; he was shockingly mutilated, and little hope was entertained of his recovery.

At intervals Thomassen was able to speak, and told of his awful experiences. He said: "Those on the raft included two men on one section and six on the other section. One of them became insane, and (as before stated) fell overboard. Anderson, a German, and myself drew lots among ourselves, as we were starving and had not had a mouthful since we took to the raft. The lot fell on the poor German, and so he had to die. We sucked his blood through his veins to quench our thirst. Not long afterwards Anderson lost his reason and savagely attacked me, and, being now so weak, he soon had me down, and bit pieces from my face and chest."

In the end the Norwegian Consul at Charleston took charge of Thomassen, who was a native of Stavanger. The unfortunate man was long in danger of gangrene from contamination from his companion's badly-cleaned teeth, but eventually he recovered and was sent to his native land.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

R. S.—Has already appeared.
X. Y. Z.—Thanks; will attend to it.
AUTHOR.—MSS. unfit for publication.
W. R. T.—Professor Webster was tried in 1850.
J. C.—Under no circumstances could we touch it.
CHARLES L.—Thanks for your offer; declined with thanks.
ROBERT.—The Chief Commissioner requires about 16,000 men.
PROFESSOR M.—The Nethesby Hall burglary took place in 1835.
DON'T KNOW.—You will find your question fully answered in No. 5.
JOSEPH.—There were many Bradleys convicted of murder; which one do you refer to?
M.—The crime you mention is already in the hands of the printer, and will be dealt with in a future issue.

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